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## JOYFUL HINTS.

BY M. A.

There's a hint of sweetness in sheltered vales
And among the whispering pines;
The green grass peeps in the sunny dell,
And the wee buds quicken and softly swell
On trees and on sheltering vines.

A bird's sweet note is filling the air—
'Tis tender and soft and low;
He has found his mate, and the spring has come;
They must plan and fashion their happy home
While the warm winds breathe and blow.

The violets peep from a shady nook
With a breath from the long ago;
We smile and dream of a day that is past,
Of an hour too glad and too sweet to last,
When life wore a golden glow.

## "MINE OR THINE?"

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A FAIRY GODMOTHER," "UNDER SUSPICION," "A ROSE AMONG WOMEN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER IV.

THE contemplated life at Wrayeester had become an accomplished fact. Mrs. Metcalfe had arranged an interview with Mademoiselle D'Esterre, and had then and there engaged her as teacher of the higher class of music at the Grove, a great bare-looking white house, standing about a mile from the town in a sparse plantation of ash and beech trees.

Valentine walked out there twice a week, with her little roll of music in her hand; she was getting used to her character of teacher now, and other pupils were gradually coming to her. She was taking, in fact, the place of the music-mistress whom she had succeeded and whose house she occupied. Frau Erdmann, hurrying back to Germany to take charge of the household of her son, the Capellmeister, suddenly bereft of his young wife, was glad to get her own dwelling and its responsibilities off her hands for a modest consideration, turning everything over to the old lady lodger who occupied the first floor, and paid the whole rent of the house for the use of these apartments. Unfortunately, she did not occupy them for long during Valentine's tenancy; a chill, contracted on a bleak March day, brought on an attack of bronchitis, on recovering from which her medical adviser promptly ordered her abroad. This was why the card bearing the legend, "Apartments," had to be placed in the first-floor window.

Valentine had expressed a wish to keep the whole of the house for her aunt and herself; but Madame Dupuy, with the prudence born of her experience in France, had been so shocked at this unthriftiness, this waste of space and money, that her niece had smiled and allowed her to have her way. The old lady was absolutely in her element, marketing, managing the one maid—also a legacy from Frau Erdmann—carrying her housewifely cares, her jingling keys, her little French exclamations, through the length and breadth of the house. It was a good-sized one, standing near the end of the long rambling High Street, with a little garden in front, which was nothing more than a patch of sunburnt grass, with one straggling laurustinus-bush in the middle. The garden par excellence was behind, enclosed by brick walls and full of fresh-growing things—roses, carnations, tall white lilies, yellow daisies, and bachelor-buttons—an old pear-tree in one corner, a tumble-down arbor covered with climbing plants in another, mint and parsley, currant and raspberry-bushes, all together in picturesque confusion.

It was the sight of this garden, in which snowdrops, Christmas roses, and early crocuses were blooming when she first saw it, which had decided Valentine to take the house. She need not be without flowers in her room, she thought, if she could grow them herself; and it would be pleasant to sit out in the shady old arbor on calm sweet summer evenings, when she came home, hot and tired, from her long day's teaching at the Grove. She had employed a gardener and had the place put in order, but she had not been able to sit out much yet; it was early June, and the weather was still chilly and capricious, but the pleasures of the garden were all to come.

Valentine was not at all unhappy in her strange new life. To be sure the solicitor whom she had consulted on that question of the will had not been able to discover anything which could throw doubt upon its genuineness, though he had employed a detective to look into the matter. The only result of that step had been a diminution of Mademoiselle D'Esterre's little stock of ready-money, accumulations from the tiny income which her mother had left her. It looked as if Philip Heathcote were likely to retain undisturbed the fortune which had passed into his hands. What did it matter that she believed him to be unlawfully possessed of it if she could not produce any proofs? It would need very complete evidence to upset a will already acted upon. No, Philip Heathcote must keep what he had got, unless chance or Providence should produce some clue that might lead to his discomfiture.

Valentine had seen by the newspapers that he had been badly wounded at El Teb, and she had followed, with a strange hostile interest, the reports of the principal medical officer upon the wounded under his care, until she read Captain Heathcote's name among the list of invalids returning upon sick-leave to England. She also learned from the same source that the Captain had received promotion, and was now a brevet-major. Two months had elapsed since this news reached them, and Madame Dupuy had begun to declare that he had had quite time enough to find out Valentine's whereabouts, and to make her that offer which was to prove him a bon cœur and an honorable man. Valentine's reminder that she had purposely left not a clue behind her when she took her departure from London made not the slightest impression upon the good old lady. What did that matter? There were plenty of ways open when one wished to do well, Madame Dupuy declared, and he should have found out by now.

It was a very warm day in the second week of June, and Valentine was going home, feeling rather weary after her six hours' teaching at the Grove. It was half-past four in the afternoon, and the sun was shining fiercely upon the dusty road and the poplars that sparsely bordered it, upon the white villa-houses, the red-brick Tudor cottages, and upon the glittering appointments of Doctor Raymond's dog-cart, as it went rapidly along in the direction of Wrayeester. The doctor turned quickly, raising his hat, as he passed the dark slender figure on the footpath.

He had attended old Miss Hillier for that bronchitis which had deprived Mademoiselle D'Esterre of her satisfactory lodger. Madame Dupuy had caught cold too, and he had prescribed for her, thus making acquaintance with her niece. When Valentine reached her own door she saw him again, this time on foot, coming out of a house just opposite, where she knew somebody was ill. At the same moment the clatter of a horse's hoofs caught her ear, and she looked round and saw a gentleman riding down the street, who stopped with a genial greeting as he caught sight of the doctor.

"What, Raymond, is it you?" he exclaimed. "Delighted to see you, old man! I was just coming to look you up—knew you hung out somewhere about here."

"Yes, at Bloomfield, with my mother and sister; they won't hear of my setting up a house of my own till I've got a wife to manage it," the doctor answered, laughing. "Come home with me, now, and stay to dinner; my mother will be delighted."

"Thanks, old chap; but I'm afraid I can't dine with you; I promised the Crosbies I'd be back for dinner. They expect some people, I believe, and as they will insist on making one a sort of lion—" He broke off with a laugh. "But I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll lunch with you to-morrow, if I may, and you'll tell me what you've been doing all this time. We've a lot of 'gup' to make up, haven't we? By Jove, it's nearly two years since you retired, isn't it? But, look here—you're going somewhere? I'll get down and walk with you. Hallo!"

As he made a movement to dismount a little white curly dog ran straight across the road, and close after it a child—a golden-haired toddling thing of three or four. Both dog and child were almost under the feet of the horse, which being a powerful spirited animal, half reared, then strove to make a forward plunge, which would have brought him on to and over the child had not his rider, with a supreme effort, dragged him back upon his haunches and held him there a moment, long enough for the little one to run out of reach. Then he would have dismounted; but, as he drew his foot out of the stirrup and turned round in the saddle, he uttered a sudden half-stifled exclamation, and clapped his hand to his heart, reeled rather than slipped from his seat, and must have fallen heavily to the ground had not Raymond caught him in his arms.

"Good heavens, what's this?" cried the startled doctor. "Why, the man's fainting! Here, you, run and get me a glass of water from the nearest house, will you?"—to a lounger on the pavement, who was gazing on the scene open-mouthed.

A little knot of people had gathered in a moment. Two men made a solemn business by holding the man's horse, some stared, others offered advice; the doctor felt baited.

"Here," he said, suddenly looking up—"you, my lad, oblige me by asking that lady over there if I may take this gentleman into her aunt's house till he recovers! Quick!"

The boy darted across the street with a subdued whoop of exhilaration delighted to become an actor in this exciting scene.

The gate of "Mount George"—the somewhat pretentious title of Frau Erdmann's modest abode—had an awkward habit of occasionally sticking—a habit which kept one standing, shaking and manipulating it, for five minutes at a time. Such was the case this afternoon, and Mademoiselle D'Esterre had been kept outside it long enough for her to hear every word of the conversation between Doctor Raymond and his friend. She had only just knocked at the street-door when the accident occurred to the stranger, and she was still standing on the door-step, looking anxiously across the street, when the boy deputed by Doctor Raymond burst through the gate, which she had left ajar, and stood at the foot of the steps in front of her.

"Hi, mum," he cried, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder—"the gent wants ter know if he may bring t'other gent in here till he comes to! May he, mum?"

"Yes, yes—of course!" Valentine ran down the little pathway to the gate and beckoned to the doctor. "Bring your friend in here, Doctor Raymond. My aunt will help you to look after him. I will go and tell her."

Frau Erdmann's legacy—a middle-aged woman, stolid and silent, but an excellent servant—had by this time opened the door and informed her young lady that Madame Dupuy was out. It was a disconcerting piece of information; but it could not be helped. Valentine turned hastily into the sitting-room and made a few rapid preparations for the reception of the insensible man, whom they were carrying into the house. She drew the sofa towards the window, set out such stimulants as the feminine household furnished, and ran to fill a tall glass jug with water. The object of all this excitement was lying upon the sofa when she returned, and Doctor Raymond had dismissed his nurse. Valentine explained that her aunt was absent, and asked if she should call Martha to help him, or if she could be of any use herself. While she was speaking the doctor was hastily unbuttoning and drawing off the patient's coat.

"Ah, what is that?" cried Valentine, pointing with her finger. "Look, Doctor Raymond—there!"

A dark stain was visible on the lining of the coat. The doctor uttered an exclamation, unbuttoned the waistcoat, still more deeply stained, and exposed the shirt beneath saturated with blood.

"Oh!" Valentine shuddered, and turned away from the sight with a face white and horror-stricken.

Raymond's hands were already busy with the buttons of the linen which he was stripping from the sufferer's broad chest.

"This is too much for you, mademoiselle," he said, his own face somewhat paler than usual. "I know what's the matter now, in saving that child's life he has endangered his own—he has reopened a wound, poor fellow! Don't stay, mademoiselle; this is no sight for you. Send me your maid—she might be of use; and if you could get me some bandages——"

"There's auntie!" cried Valentine, relieved. "She'll help you, Doctor Raymond. I will send her."

She ran to the door and admitted Madame Dupuy, rapidly explaining the situation to her as she relieved her of bonnet and mantle.

"It was not the—the blood," she said shudderingly—"I could have got over that; but a man, you know. There, auntie, go in—quick! Oh, he looks dreadful! Poor fellow!" She was thinking of the face she had just seen lying, with close-shut eyes, against the red cushions of the sofa—a face that had been sunburnt to a ruddy brown, but was now of a sickly yellow pallor; the cheeks hollow, the lips drawn painfully apart under the heavy tawny-colored moustache. She roused herself with an effort. "I am going for bandages—let me know what else is wanted when I come back," she called out, as she ran up-stairs.

When she returned, bringing some strips of linen with her, it was to receive another commission. There seemed to be plenty to do. Madame Dupuy had gone heart and soul into the matter; she was a born nurse, and had tested her capacities successfully by service in a hospital dur-

ing the Franco-German war. She came to the door for the fourth time with a more serious request.

"Valentine, would you have any objection to the poor fellow's remaining here—in the rooms up stairs?" she asked. "Doctor Raymond says it would be dangerous to remove him—that the wound might again reopen. What do you think, dear? It would be a great responsibility, of course."

"Yes; but if one ought——" Mademoiselle D'Esterre's face was very thoughtful. "Does he live near here? Has he any people?" she began; but was interrupted by Doctor Raymond, who came to the door at that moment.

"Come in, mademoiselle. We've patched him up now. Poor old chap! No, he has been staying with the Crosbies at Wrayham, four miles from here. He has no relations that I know of—indeed, it will be a charity for you to take him in."

"Then we will be charitable," said Valentine, smiling. "Martha keeps those rooms aired, I know. I will go and help her to get them ready."

By the combined exertions of the three women the rooms were rapidly put in order, and the patient was carried up in a chair between the Doctor and sturdy Martha.

"He'll do now," said Raymond complacently, as he coaxed a spoonful of claret between the pale lips of the still senseless man. "I know of a good nurse, whom I can send in at once to take the night-duty, and I'll look up somebody for the day. You musn't trouble about expense—he can afford anything he wants. An old uncle who died lately left him a pot of money, I believe. Now I'm going to look after the nurse; I'll drop in again about nine, and see how he gets on."

"One moment, Doctor," said Valentine—"you have not told us what to call your friend. What is his name?"

"His name?" said Raymond, pausing on his way down stairs. "Heathcote—Major Heathcote, of the—th—one of the Egyptian campaigners, you know!"

## CHAPTER V.

VALENTINE had just time to reflect that the coincidence was as unpleasant as it was curious, when Martha appeared in the hall with a face expressive of respectful discontent. Couldn't her ladies take some dinner now, before it was altogether spoiled, and let her sit for half an hour with the poor gentleman up stairs? Neither of the women had much appetite for the meal, though they made a pretence of eating, doing their best to deceive Martha and each other.

"Auntie," said Valentine presently, "do you know what I have found out?"

"No, dear. What?"

"Who our patient up-stairs is. It is a strange thing to happen—very strange! I asked Doctor Raymond his name; and he is Philip Heathcote, my stepfather's nephew."

"That man!" exclaimed Madame Dupuy. "My Valentine, why jest? It is not possible!"

"It is a fact," answered the girl gravely. "Doctor Raymond gave me his name—said he was recently home from Egypt—spoke of money he had come into by an uncle's will. There is no possibility of mistake. The man who wrote me that letter is here, under our roof."

"Then it is an insult, an infamy that it should be so," cried Madame Dupuy hotly. She was very indignant, and proposed several wild schemes for ridding themselves at once of their unwelcome guest, which Valentine was obliged to negative, reminding her that, having agreed to take him for their lodger, they could not get rid of him without revealing their own identity, which she, at least, most earnestly desired to conceal.

"And you know," she added, with a painful smile, "you have been wishing to have those rooms occupied, auntie; and Doctor Raymond seems to say that Major Heathcote will make a profitable lodger. I can take my revenge, you see, in spoiling the Philistine; and you can help me to do it!"

Apparently there was nothing else to be done. They could not turn the sick man out of doors, and, while he remained under their roof, they must do their best for him. So Madame Dupuy—under protest, and yet with a pleasure in the work which helped to neutralise the unpleasantness of doing it for this particular patient—went away to the room up-stairs, to spend the couple of hours which would elapse before the night-nurse came in sitting by the sick-bed, watching the sufferer's faint breathing, and, at stated times, lifting his heavy head to coax a spoonful of some stimulant between his lips; while Valentine, below, correcting a bundle of musical exercises, turned over turned over the strange situation in her mind as she turned over the leaves in her fingers

In a few days, such as the force of habit, Valentine could scarcely remember what her life had seemed like before Major Heathcote dropped into it. It was quite the ordinary course of things now, this coming backwards and forwards of Doctor and nurse, this hush upon the house, this subdued excitement, and Madame Dupuy's reports concerning the patient's state, as she came down from her vigils. Valentine had to give lessons at pupils' houses now, and do a good deal of shopping besides, and so got walking exercise which otherwise she might not have taken, for she disliked solitary "constitutionals." Of course it was impossible for both ladies to be absent from home at the same time, so, while Madame Dupuy went out to get a little fresh air, Valentine had to take her place in the sick-room. For the first two days the young lady managed to avoid this duty, sending up Martha instead, and doing herself whatever work the maid might have on hand at the time, whether making beef-tea or ironing aprons; but on the third day, it appeared, there was no escape, for Martha was scouring her kitchen tiles. So Valentine went up reluctantly enough to relieve her aunt. She had not seen the patient since that first evening, and fancied that the same motionless form with its pallid face would lie stretched before her on the bed; and she started in surprise at sight of a restless figure tossing to and fro, with flushed cheeks and fever-bright blue eyes.

"Oh, auntie," she said hurridly, "I didn't think he was like this!"

"But yes, dear child," Madame Dupuy answered calmly, coming round to the foot of the bed on her way out. "I told you fever had set in. It was a spear-thrust, and he did not give himself time to recover, Doctor Raymond says, but went about, living as a strong man lives, when he should have lived like an invalid. He had no woman to nurse him, poor fellow—and what can a man do for himself? The result is that this accident goes hard with him."

"Yes." Valentine nodded, her eyes still fixed upon the unconscious man's face. He was her enemy, of course, and it would be a duel to the death between them when once Fate had put the necessary weapon into her hand, which would be sooner or later, she felt sure; but just now she saw that she must call a truce. She could not do battle with that helpless man. Instead, she must play the part of sister of mercy to him, and lift the fevered head upon her arm to moisten the parched lips. He lay still for some minutes after she had done this, staring at her with those bright sunken eyes; then he spoke suddenly, in a strange clear voice—

"Do I know you?" he asked.

"I don't think so," said Valentine, startled, and feeling very nervous.

"It doesn't matter," he went on gravely. "I think you might help me all the same."

"Help you—how?" she asked, wondering.

"To find that girl. She has disappeared, you know, and there is the money; it is a great weight on my mind."

"It is?"—with an irrepressible touch of sarcasm. "I find it hard to believe that."

"Yes—when you are crossing a marsh, you know, and sinking almost to your knees at every step, and the sun blazing down upon you like a furnace. Not a drop of tea in the flask, either—not a drop! And all that wretched rout, lying on their faces, stuck through the back. How the spears must have gleamed in the light!"

His voice died away in a series of broken words, and he continued to toss about restlessly. Valentine stood and looked down at him, feeling strangely moved. He muttered of black faces, and the smoke and roar of guns; then went back suddenly to his school-days, and some rowing match, rambled on of a prize he had won, and of his mother's pleasure. After that he was silent for a time, and dozed uneasily, while Valentine sat by him, with her mind full of strange new thoughts. Presently there came a few coherent words again.

"It was the old man's fault, and I suppose he meant to make up; but, all the same, I don't understand it."

"Don't understand what?" said Valentine, her heart beating wildly.

"Don't understand—that will. And"—suddenly raising himself a little, and gazing at her with solemn wistful blue eyes—"I don't think its fair of Liddell to put his monkey into my bed. It's here, sitting on my chest, biting and clawing me! Don't you think you could get it off?"

Valentine was very glad just then to hear Madame Dupuy's knock at the modest front-door of Mount George.

* * * * * * *

"Yes, you may get up to morrow, if you'll promise me not to overdo it," said Doctor Raymond, who was sitting in an arm-chair beside the bed in which his patient was reclining, wrapped in a rather Eastern-looking gray camel's-hair dressing-gown, and fenced about with pillows. The coverlet was strewed with books and papers, a jug of some cooling drink stood on a little table by the bed, with a few sweet old-fashioned pink roses in a slender pale-blue vase.

The months of June was nearly gone, and the air was warm and pleasant; the window was open, and a light summer breeze blew into the room now and then, laden with the sweet breath of the lilies from the pretty garden below. Across the upper panes of the window a long tendril of clematis stretched itself, its green leaves swaying gently in the sunshine, dappling the cool holland floor-cloth with a moving pattern of light and shade. Now and then, as the soft wind blew, the light green leaves tapped upon the glass. Among the ivy, on the other side of the window, sparrows were chirping and twittering.

Major Heathcote felt a great longing come upon him for motion, for freedom, for a closer acquaintance with all those summer sights and sounds.

"On second thoughts," he said suddenly, "I don't see that it could do me a bit of harm to get up this evening, instead of to-morrow—to get up now, in fact. You could lend me a hand with the dressing—do, Raymond, there's a good chap!"

"Not I!" exclaimed the other, laughing. "Be content with the inch you've got, Heathcote, and don't hanker after the ell. I couldn't let you get up this evening. You're not fresh enough. You've been sitting up all day. I'll send you the man I spoke of to morrow morning, and he'll get you up, and dress you, as soon as you like, and brush your hair for you, like a baby, and tyrannise over you to his heart's content—a most respectable man! Remember, now, you are to do nothing—nothing whatever—with that arm, until I give you leave. The wound is doing as nicely as possible; but you can't afford to trifle with a dig like that, and you must give the muscles absolute rest. Do you want any letters answered, by-the-way?"—glancing at a little heap upon the table.

"Yes, if you don't mind, old man; I'd rather not bother Madame Dupuy again. By-the-day, what an awfully nice little woman she is—Madame Dupuy! A perfect little lady. Come down in the world, or she wouldn't be letting lodgings—eh?"

"I suppose so," assented Raymond, somewhat drily. "'A. Burnet' What do you want said to this fellow?"

Heathcote dictated, and his friend wrote for a little time. The room was very quiet, and the passing noises of the house were distinctly heard. There was a knock at the hall door, somebody was admitted, and entered a room below; then came the tinkling of a piano, and a faint thin sound, as of a voice accompanying it. Not much of a performance, Heathcote thought; but just then another hand, firmer and evidently more skilled, struck a chord or two of the accompaniment, another voice sang a few bars of the song. The sweet full notes echoed through the silent house like the sudden song of a bird.

"By Jove, what a voice! Who is it, Raymond?" said Major Heathcote eagerly. There, they've shut the door!"—disgustedly. "They might know one would like to hear such singing as that. Somebody began to play yesterday too—the first few bars of that impromptu of Schubert's—you know?—and, then left off in a moment, just as I was preparing myself for a treat. Who is it? Not Madame Dupuy?"

"No; her niece—Mademoiselle D'Esterre." A sudden flush appeared on the doctor's good-looking bronzed face. "She gives music and singing lessons, and is a very fine musician, I believe."

"Mademoiselle D'Esterre! It's a pretty name. Is the owner equally pretty?" observed Heathcote, smiling.

"She is a very handsome young lady—in my opinion, at least," said the doctor; and Major Heathcote fancied that his friend's voice faltered strangely.

"She is? I seem to have a vague—a very vague recollection"—pulling at his long moustache musingly—"while I was in the fever, of seeing somebody about who wasn't Madame Dupuy, or the maid, or the Gamp; but I can only remember a pair of fine dark eyes, and can't put another feature to her."

Raymond rose and walked over to the window.

"It was Mademoiselle D'Esterre, of course," he said. "She sat with you a few times, I believe, to relieve the others."

"Very good of her, I'm sure!" declared the invalid, a faint flush covering his sunburnt face. "I hope I didn't frighten her; Madame Dupuy tells me I rambled a lot. Hu-s-sh! The voice again."

The two men were at once silent, listening; but their pleasure was short-lived—in a few minutes the singer ceased. Doctor Raymond sighed half unconsciously as he picked up his hat and turned to bid his patient good-bye. There was an unusual look about him—a look which enlightened Heathcote.

"There's something up with you, old man," he said, a smile lighting up his face; "and I think it has to do with Mademoiselle D'Esterre. Come now—confess. Haven't you fallen in love with her?"

Raymond's cheeks reddened and he bit his lip, then broke into a rueful laugh.

"I suppose that's about it," he replied. "At forty-four, and with a girl of about half my age, don't you think I'm a fool? She will, I'm sure, if I ask her."

"Upon my word, I don't see why she should!" declared his friend energetically. "I'd say she ought to think herself an uncommonly lucky girl! Why, man, it's simply throwing yourself away, for you! You're a good-looking fellow, in the prime of life, with a snug little income—you might make a hundred times better match than this! My opinion is that your young lady will simply jump at you!"

The doctor shook his head, and there was a look of pain upon his face.

"That is not how she will look at it," he said; "and—excuse me, Heathcote—that is not how I should like to look at it either. If she couldn't like me for myself, I'd rather she didn't like me for anything outside myself—I'd rather do without her altogether than have her marry me for a home."

"I beg your pardon, old chap," returned Heathcote frankly; "but I don't know that I meant that altogether."

"No, I'm sure you didn't," said Raymond, smiling. "But a man in love is hard to manage, and I don't think you've ever been hit yourself, Heathcote, have you?"

"Well, no, I think not," replied the other meditatively—"not hard, any way. You see, there was always the mother; she was the best soul in the world, and foolishly fond of me; and, so long as I had her——" He sighed, and lay back rather wearily upon his pillows, an absent look upon his face. "Any way," he said suddenly, rousing himself, "you have my best wishes, old man, for the success of your wooing."

## CHAPTER VI.

THE morning after Major Heathcote's first attempt to leave his bed Madame Dupuy had the misfortune to slip on her way down-stairs and sprain her ankle. It was not a severe sprain nor very painful; but it would keep her to her sofa for a week to come—a prospect which the little lady, who firmly believed that domestic management must collapse without her supervision, was inclined to deplore.

"Such an awkward time for me to do it," she said, scarcely able to suppress her tears. "Indeed, child, I shouldn' wonder if you were very cross with me! There is Major Heathcote to be attended to."

"Major Heathcote has his man to attend to him," replied Valentine quietly. "He can't expect to engross the attention of everybody."

"Neither does he. Now, Valentine, that's unjust! I'm sure nothing could be nicer than his manner to me—poor young man!—thanking me for his medicine when he could scarcely open his lips, and when it was so nasty too!"

"Very nice and forgiving of him," said Valentine, smiling. "I'm sure he is a charming person, auntie, and a paying lodger as well, and we are all bound to do him service. I can say, with Captain Reece, 'It is my duty, and I will!' I shall enter on my duties by going to order a chicken for his dinner; and, mind you, don't worry while I am away!"

Doctor Raymond, who luckily had come early that day to visit his patient, was called in to prescribe for the injured ankle, and duly administered a lotion and bound it up. The sprain was not troublesome therefore, and Madame Dupuy could have resigned herself placidly enough had it not been for her conviction that everything must be going wrong in the house. This fear even came between her and her en-

joyment of the book which Valentine was reading aloud.

"You are quite sure Martha sent up his dinner nicely, child?" she asked, on the very verge of a startling crisis.

"Who? Major Heathcote's?" answered Valentine, not altogether patiently. "Oh, yes, perfectly! Really, auntie, the man isn't a demi-god or a royal prince!"—and she resumed her reading, which was interrupted presently by some one knocking at the door.

The intruder was Mills, Major Heathcote's respectable man-servant, who explained that his master had been much concerned to hear of Madame Dupuy's accident, and would like to come down and pay his repects, if the ladies would be pleased to receive him. Valentine looked at her aunt with a quick glance, half of fear, half of entreaty.

"Oh," she said hurriedly, "I don't think Major Heathcote ought to venture up and down these stairs yet! What would Doctor Raymond say? He is so particular about his patient not making the least exertion, isn't he, auntie? Don't you think it would be very wrong—very rash?"

Madame Dupuy's expression of gratification faded away; but she took her cue obediently. In all the least important circumstance of their life her ruling was supreme; but in matters affecting its higher issues Valentine decided, as she did now.

"Yes, I fear it would," agreed her aunt; "and I hope I am too good a nurse to encourage it. No; tell Major Heathcote, please, Mills, that I am very much obliged for his kind inquiries, and that my sprain is very slight; but I beg he won't think of coming down, as I am sure Doctor Raymond would say it was wrong and bad for him. You'll impress that upon him, won't you?"

Mills murmured a respectful acquiescence and disappeared from the door, while Valentine drew a breath of relief.

"I suppose he will take the hint?" she said, with a tremulous smile. "Was it plain enough, do you think? You know, one could not have him here, auntie; it is bad enough his staying in the house at all—but coming here into our very life! It would not only be a risk, but it would be detestable in the extreme!"

"Dear I think you are inclined to be a little prejudiced and—and hard about this matter," remonstrated Madame Dupuy, in a tone of discomfiture, and in a fashion so sheepish and guilty, so different from her usual bright outspokenness, that it tolicbed a latent sense of humor in Valentine's nature and brought a laugh to her lips. "'Detestable' is such a very strong word."

"I like strong words," said Valentine coolly, the laughter still dancing in her eyes. "They are so satisfying, I think; don't you? Oh, you must, for you use them very often—more frequently than I do! For instance, auntie, I remember your saying something when that man came into the house—something very strong." She paused, with a startled look upon her face, for there was again a knocking at the room door. "He has sent down Mills again," she said, in a hurried whisper. "What can he want now?"

It was Madame Dupuy who cried "Come in!" and, in answer to the permission, there appeared not Mills—who had indeed knocked and assisted the visitor down-stairs—but Major Heathcote. He had put on a loose smoking-coat of brown velvet—as much preparation for the society of ladies as Mills would hear of his making—and he stood on the threshold hesitating, yet with a look of eager interest on his face.

Frau Erdmann's sitting-room was very simply furnished, its appointments being far below the value of those in the rooms on the first floor; but there was some touch of grace and pleasantness about it which Heathcote had failed to notice in the handsomer apartments whence he had just come. The open piano, with the sheets of music on its desk, and the two photographs in pretty Venetian-red plush frames upon its top—Beethoven's powerful head and the calm clear face of Mendelssohn—the hanging shelf of books, one or two Rangoon chair-backs of a warm tawny tint, a big bronze-green jar, with a Nile lily blowing in it, and a bowl of flowers on the little table by Madame Dupuy's couch, may have had something to do with this aspect which Heathcote found so pleasant. At one end of the room was a window over-looking the garden, near which a young lady was sitting, who rose swiftly and turned a startled face towards him as he entered. All the sweet greenness of the garden, the golden glow of the summer sunset, made a background for the slender graceful figure, and Heathcote thought it was a very pretty picture.

"May I come in?" he asked diffidently. The girl's startled look had convinced him that his presence was unexpected—perhaps not altogether welcome. "I was so sorry to hear of your accident, Madame Dupuy; I couldn't be satisfied without coming myself to hear how my kind nurse is. Better, I hope?"

"Oh, yes! It is nothing. But you ought not to have descended," cried Madame Dupuy flutteringly. "It was wrong; and you are quite pale too! Valentine, place that arm-chair for Major Heathcote. My niece, Mademoiselle D'Esterre"—effecting a hurried introduction.

Valentine bowed rather frigidly, and sat down again, taking a piece of needlework from the basket on the table before her and beginning to stitch with energy. She had not said a word or even looked at the intruder; he, for his part was somewhat puzzled by her demeanor—that first glance, startled, almost fearful, and now this cool impassiveness.

"One would think she was afraid of me, if such a thing could be," he pondered uncomfortably. "I wonder if I could have frightened her by some unlucky chance at some time when she was on duty up there and I was off my head? It's curious but the first look of hers was anything but welcoming!"

He lay back in the big chair—for his journey down-stairs had tired him, though he would not have admitted so much—and stroked his mustache as he conversed with the aunt while quietly studying the niece; and a very interesting study too, he thought. She had a face of the Bourbon type, with long and delicate features; the chin pointed, the nostrils sensitive, the brows straight, and sweeping in a broad open line under the wide open forehead and over the clear dark-brown eyes, which were grave almost to mournfulness. Her clear olive skin could brighten with vivid rose flushes, but its normal paleness was accentuated by a profusion of dusky hair.

"Upon my word," said Heathcote to himself, as he leaned back in his chair and idly gazed at Valentine, "I must congratulate Raymond on his taste! Not that I'd endorse his description, which might stand for a thousand girls, by-the-way; she is not a very handsome young lady, but she has a most peculiar and attractive face. Figure too slender for the height of it, but the defect has a grace—a decided grace. But what does she mean by sitting there, and not opening her lips or even looking at one? It's very odd."

Heathcote felt that he had a right to be indignant in the circumstances. If Mademoiselle D'Esterre had been an old or an ugly woman it would have been a different matter of course; but, as it was, he felt affronted. She did not want him perhaps, but her aunt did, and she might manage to be civil for Madame Dupuy's sake; in any case he was not going to be driven away by her incivility. He sat and talked to the elder lady, looking very often at the younger one.

Some question of Madame Dupuy's brought up the subject of the Egyptian war, and he spoke of the scenes he had taken part in with homely forcible reality. It was not history, but life; it was the soldier's view, not the newspaper-correspondent's. The work lay idle in Mademoiselle D'Esterre's hands; gradually, unconsciously, as by a sort of magnetism, her eyes were drawn to the speaker's face and dwelt there. Heathcote felt that she was looking at him, and, turning slowly, he returned her gaze. The blue eyes and the brown met and clashed; Mademoiselle D'Esterre withdrew her glance in cold displeasure, but a flush suffused her cheek—she was angry with him and with herself too.

"You can take little interest in this subject, I fear, mademoiselle?" said Heathcote, smiling. However reluctantly, he had compelled her attention at last, and felt triumphant. The flush on Valentine's cheek grew deeper still, and the objectionable guest seemed to be more objectionable than ever

"The subject is an interesting one," she answered coldly; "and I should be interested in it if I were an English woman."

"I see—one could not expect you to be interested in the stupid little wars of the perfide Albion. But you must permit me to congratulate you on your English, mademoiselle—it is absolutely perfect!"

"I have lived a good many years in England," said Valentine, rather hurriedly, "and my mother was English; but France is my father's country and mine."

"I fear you must often regret having said farewell to the beau pays; we must seem to you as dull as our climate." Valentine smiled—a provoking smile and Heathcote, feeling nettled, although he scarcely knew why, went on, "As for us islanders, I believe we love even our fogs; I know when I was in India, in the burning heat before the monsoon, how I used to think of the keen east wind blowing over here, and long to feel it on my face—not that I particularly admired it when I met it here a couple of months ago," he added, with a low thoughtful laugh. Valentine was constrained to admit to herself, against her will, that he had a pleasant laugh, and a not unmusical voice. "You know that bit of Browning's, mademoiselle—'Oh, to be in England, now that April's there!' It was the best-thumbed page in the book in those times with me, injudiciously enough, for I fancy it made purgatory a little worse to keep thinking of what seemed a sort of paradise. That's a hint for you, mademoiselle—if possible, don't think of your sunny France while you live in our foggy England."

"You are wise to say 'if possible,'" said Valentine gravely. "But, when the thought of paradise nerves one to work one's way out of purgatory, the more one thinks of it the better, it seems to me."

"Ah!"—with a puzzled look. "You think of returning to France, then. When?"

"I have not said so," said Valentine coolly. "My plans for the future depend a good deal upon circumstances;" and Major Heathcote felt that he was snubbed.

"She may be attractive," he mused—"I've no doubt she is; but, by Jove, a hedge of prickles is a fool to her!" Aloud, he said, "H'm—so do most people's I believe;" and he turned round again to Madame Dupuy.

He confined his attention to the aunt during the remainder of his visit; but, when he left, it was with a distinct understanding that he was to come again on the morrow to exhibit his collection of photographs, which he thought likely to interest Madame Dupuy, who received the proposal with delight.

"You know I couldn't do anything else, Valentine," she protested, "when he is so civil and nice."

"I know that I am very glad he is gone; and I wish he were not coming to-morrow," said Valentine curtly. "Spiritless creature—he might have seen that I did not want him!"

"Indeed, I hope he did not, though he did look surprised."

"Really? I am glad I surprised him then, and I hope to surprise him more."

"But, Valentine, that seems so vindictive; and he may have more excuses than we are aware of."

"Well, auntie," rejoined Valentine, with a smile, "when I am aware of them I will give him the full benefit, I assure you. Shall we go on with our book?"

"In a moment, dear. I want to ask you—suppose you had known nothing of Major Heathcote before he came here, wouldn't you have a better opinion of him now?"

"Ah, but I did know something of him! It's of no use, auntie," the girl exclaimed, shaking her head—"you won't get any damaging admissions from me. I know you, you impulsive, inconsistent little person, and I know that for a week past at least you have been engaged for the defence. Come, we are going back to 'The Wizard's Son.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HANDWRITING.—The reading of character by handwriting is a clumsy art in comparison to that of the highly trained expert who arrives at conclusions about his fellow humans by observing how they dot the "i." Those who forget the dot altogether will be apt to forget most other things. If the dot is a long way above the letter it signifies flighty purposes and aspirations. If it is of an oblong shape its author has little self-control. To married ladies in especial it is observed:—"If your husband's dots are heavy, shapeless, and blotchy, you will have a hard time of it where food is concerned. He will not be satisfied with a cold supper, an æsthetic tea, or a meal of beef and vegetables. On the other hand you have, in his favorite dishes, a means to pacify the grumbler, and to incline him to listen to your wishes." He is a gourmand, that is to say. A husband with a "dainty dot," the anxious wife is further informed, is usually satisfied with his meals. This is a specimen of the intelligence of the day.

AH!" exclaimed Fogg, looking up from the newspaper, "another clergyman come to grief!" "What's that?" exclaimed half-a-dozen eager voices. "How did it happen?" It was at a funeral," replied Fogg. And everbody ejaculated, "Pooh!"

## Bric-a-Brac.

JAPAN AUDIENCES.—In Japan, theatrical audiences are said to show their appreciation of the actors by throwing pieces of their clothing, hats, coats, sashes, etcetera, on the stage. At the close of the play they redeem these articles at fixed prices, the proceeds going to the fortunate actor.

RICE PAPER.—The so-called rice paper is not made from rice, as its name implies, but from the snow white pith of a small tree represented in the United States by the common sarsaparilla and the spikenard. The tree grows in Formosa, and, so far as is known, nowhere else. The stems are transported to China, and there the rice paper is made which is used by native artists for water-color drawings, or dyed in various colors and made into artificial flowers.

THE RED COLOR.—We find from old medical prescriptions that our ancestors considered that there was "much virtue in your" red. A Saxon apothecary ordered for headache the herb crosswort, put on a red fillet, and bound round the head. For the healing of a lunatic, you were recommended to "take cloverwort, and wreathe it with a red thread about the man's swere (neck) when the moon is on the wane, in the month which is called April. Soon he will be healed."

KISSING.—Kissing is one of those ancient customs which never grow old. As to its invention, it is certain that Nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship. There is an old Scandinavian tradition that Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, introduced the kiss into England, just as if the lads and lassies long before Rowena's time had not discovered it for themselves. It almost makes one wish he lived during a certain period described by Hone in his queer old "Table Book," when in Ireland they had "kissing bees" on Easter Monday, on which occasion it was the duty of each female present to receive "at least one dozen hearty kisses."

LANGUAGE.—No subject has been more fertile of speculation than the origin of languages. Many maintain that the language spoken by Adam is lost, and that the Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic are only dialects of the original tongue. Goropius published a work in 1580 to prove that Dutch was the language spoken in Paradise. Andre Kemp maintained that God spoke to Adam in Swedish, Adam answered in Danish, and Eve spoke in French, whilst the Persians believe three languages to have been spoken in Paradise—Arabic, the most persuasive, by the serpent; Persian, the most poetic, by Adam and Eve; and Turkish, the most threatening, by the angel Gabriel.

MAGNETS.—Some very interesting experiments have been carried out in this country with two immense magnets made from two large Rodman guns. A crowbar which was applied to the magnet required the combined force of four strong men to tear it away. A handful of tacks thrown in the opposite direction immediately flew back and attached themselves to the magnet. Several 15-inch cannon balls, solid, and as much as a strong man could lift, were held suspended in the air, one under the other. The most amusing experiment was made with a sledge hammer. When one tried to wield it in a direction opposite to the magnet, he felt as though he were trying to hit a blow with a long feather in a gale of wind.

COMING OF AGE.—The "coming of age" of every Siamese child in any family pretending to fashion is celebrated with a quaint and picturesque custom—the cutting of the top-knot. This top-knot is nothing more than a round patch of hair allowed to grow on the crown of the head, while the rest of the hair is closely shaved. The jet-black locks, still fine and glossy, are wound round into a coil, fastened by a large pin with a gold and sometimes jewelled head, and surrounded on festive occasions by a tiny chaplet of sweet-scented white flowers. It is worn until the time comes when the child, if a boy, is to be emancipated from the harem and withdrawn from female control; or, in the case of girls, till their marriageable age begins to draw near. Convenience or fancy, or, perhaps, more often still, the dictates of the family soothsayer, fix this date variously at nine, eleven, or thirteen years; but the even numbers are avoided as less propitious. Come when it may, however, the day of the top-knot cutting is a great and gay ceremony, combining in itself something of the solemnities of Christian baptism and confirmation, Jewish and Mussulman circumcision, and feudal coming of age.

### ABSENCE.

BY FLORENCE A JONES.

Dear heart, how slow the days go by,
And drag their weary lengths along,
No kisses bribe the morning hours,
My lips refuse their evening song.
I measure not the time by hours,
All days are long with you away,
All days are dark—there shines no sun,
The skies are misty, cold and gray.

You are not here, this sums it all,
All other words are useless things,
Sunshine and shadow are the same,
I marvel at the bird that sings.
We two make up our little world,
In one deep channel both lives flow,
Your place is empty in my arms,
Come home, dear heart, I need you so.

# A Woman's Trust.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY OLIVIA," "OWEN DALES' ORDEAL," "MOLLY'S MYSTERY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXII.

I AM always glad to be of some slight service to you," he said with grave courtesy, "and can always spare time to come to you when you send for me. Is anything the matter? Are you anxious about the Mining Company? You have no cause to be, for everything is going on remarkably well, and succeeding beyond my expectations. Some of the best men in the city have joined us, and, as I wrote to you, the shares already stand at a high premium. You have made a very large sum of money, Lady Eleanor, and are on the way to making a still larger."

"Money, money!" she exclaimed. "It is always money. You talk as if it were the one and only thing desirable and worth having! And after all, what can it buy? Can it buy the one thing on which one's heart is set? Have you found it so all-powerful that you set such store by it?"

His face flushed, and a singular look came into his eyes.

"I—I beg your pardon!" she said hurriedly and almost humbly. "I did not mean to be impertinent or obtrusive; but just now I am in trouble in which I think even the all-powerful money will be powerless."

"Tell me what it is," he said, in a low voice, and rather absently, as if the hasty words she had just spoken were still haunting him. "That is, I suppose you sent to consult me about it?"

"Well—yes," said Lady Eleanor more calmly, but with her color coming and going. "I sent to you because you are the only friend I have whom I should care to consult about this—this trouble. Because I feel that you will understand, and, what is more important, not misunderstand me, or—or my motives."

"I will do my best to understand and sympathise, Lady Eleanor," he said, watching her, yet without seeming to do so.

"You remember," she said after a pause, during which she was seeking for some way of beginning the subject as if it were not of much importance after all. "You remember Yorke Auchester, Lord Yorke Auchester?"

He inclined his head, suppressing a look of surprise.

"Certainly," he said. "That is, I remember—I could not fail to do so—that I have purchased his debts, to a very large sum, on your behalf."

"Yes," she said nervously, "and I daresay—I know—that you have wondered why I have done so."

He kept silence, but raised his eyebrows slightly.

"Well," she went on, "it was to save him from trouble. He is a great friend of mine; his cousin, the duke, and I are great friends. But you know all this! And now I want to do something more for—for Lord Auchester."

He looked up. Her face was red one moment and pale the next, but she kept her eyes—the half-round, half appealing eyes—upon his.

"He is in great trouble and—and danger. A worse danger than a monetary one."

He smiled.

"Can there be worse?" he said with a city man's incredulity. "We live in a prosaic age, Lady Eleanor, from which we have dismissed the midnight assassin and all the other romantic perils which made life and history so interesting in the middle ages; and the only dangers we run now are from a railway or steamboat accident——"

She tried to listen to him patiently.

"It is not of that kind of danger I was thinking," she said. "Is it not possible for a man to—to ruin and wreck his life in—many ways, Mr. Duncombe?"

He looked at her still half-smilingly.

"Oh, yes, a man may enlist as a common soldier, or forge a check, or marry his cook; but I do not imagine that there is any risk of Lord Auchester committing any of these—shall we say follies?"

"Of all the things you have mentioned, it seems to me that the last is the worst," said Lady Eleanor bitterly.

"Yes?"

He raised his brows again.

"At any rate it is punished more severely than the others," she said.

"Yes," he assented thoughtfully. "But," and he smiled, Lord Auchester does not contemplate marrying his cook, does he?"

"His cook? No; but he is in danger of marrying almost as far beneath him!" The retort flashed from her with hot hauteur. "Mr. Duncombe, when a man of Lord Auchester's station marries beneath him he is as utterly ruined, his life is completely wrecked, as if he had committed forgery or enlisted as a common soldier."

He leaned back and listened with sedate politeness, wondering whither all this was leading, and what it was she would ask him to do.

"A man of Lord Auchester's rank has only one life—the social one. He has no business, no profession to fall back upon, to employ his thoughts, to engross and solace him. He must mix in the world to which he belongs, and he can only do so as an equal with his fellows. When he marries he is expected to take for a wife a lady of his own rank, or at any rate a lady who is accepted as such in the circle to which he belongs. She must be one whom his friends can receive and visit, one of whom neither he nor they will be ashamed. His life may then continue in its old course; he will still have his friends and relatives round him, still have his place in the world, his niche, be it a high or a moderately high one, and all will be well with him."

She paused for breath, and put her hand to smooth back the delicate silken hair from her fair forehead.

"But if he should so far forget himself and all he owes to society as to marry beneath him—then, as I say, he is utterly wrecked and undone. His friends will not receive his wife, or if they do it is with a coldness which she and he cannot fail to notice and resent. He sees them look pityingly, scornfully upon the woman he has made his wife, and he feels that he cannot take her amongst them. So he drifts from his own class, and either sinks into the one below it—where he is wretchedly miserable, or lives like a hermit. In the latter case he has plenty of time in which to get tired of his life and of the woman who has, in all innocence, severed him from all his old associates and, still in all innocence, has degraded him. The result, be it quick or slow in coming, is invariably the same. He is always thinking of the sacrifice he has made in marrying her, she is always conscious that he is so thinking, and sooner or later they grow to weary of and to hate each other. She has ruined him, wrecked his life, and both know it! I am not speaking by theory; I have seen it, seen it in half a dozen cases; and I say that a man had better throw himself into the Thames than marry beneath him."

She dropped back in her low chair and put her hand to her head. She had talked swiftly, passionately, and her brow was burning.

Ralph Duncombe looked up.

"All you say is very true, no doubt, Lady Eleanor. And Lord Auchester——"

"Is thinking of making such a match," she said in a low voice.

Ralph Duncombe looked at the carpet.

"It scarcely seems—pardon me—scarcely seems credible. I do not know Lord Auchester, but from what I have heard of him I should think he would be the last man to be blind to the consequences of contracting a marriage with a lady who was considered his inferior in the social scale."

"Ah, yes!" she said with a sigh. "So anyone who knew him would have said; but—but—in this matter even the wisest men are fools."

He smiled gravely.

"Yes, fools!" she said bitterly; "they are caught by a pretty face, a look in the eyes, a curve on the lip, a dimple in the cheek——"

She rose and took one or two paces, as if her impatience would not permit of her sitting still any longer. "At any rate Lord Auchester has been so caught!" she wound up suddenly.

"And you wish——?"

"Ah, I scarcely know!" she answered, stretching out her hands. "He is doing this thing secretly. He is keeping it from his friends. From the duke, from—from me, from all of us."

"Then he is half ashamed of it?" he suggested.

"Perhaps so," she said. "Perhaps so. But if he has made up his mind to do it he will go through with it, spite of all arguments and attempts to dissuade him. Yorke—" she used his Christian name unconsciously—"Yorke is one of the sweetest tempered men—you can lead him with a silken thread, until he has resolved to do anything; then——" She turned to him and looked at him beseechingly. "Can you help me, us; his friends, I mean, generally? He is so popular, so much liked. It would be a shame and a sin that such an one should be wrecked and ruined. In such a case a man should be saved in spite of himself. Can nothing be done? I sent for you, because you have always helped me, have always been so kind——" She stopped and turned her head away.

Ralph Duncombe regarded her with grave surprise.

"I am very sorry," he said slowly, as a lawyer speaks to a client to whom he has been listening patiently. "But I do not see how you can act in the matter. You might try persuasion——"

She shook her head.

"Ah, you do not know Lord Auchester!" she said.

"I scarcely see what else you can do. He's of age, and his own master, and the lady is of age, I presume. You could scarcely bring any pressure upon her?"

Lady Eleanor shook her head scornfully.

"It is scarcely to be expected that she would be induced to release him. In these cases the woman is generally a low-bred schemer, or some simple girl who believes that she and the man she is ruining are in love. Oh, no; nothing can be done with her! Besides, I know—" she was going to say, "I know one who has tried and failed," but stopped suddenly.

"Well, then," said Ralph Duncombe, "I fear that I can suggest nothing. After all, if Lord Auchester is resolved upon committing social suicide——"

"Oh, it is terrible, terrible!" she exclaimed in a low, agitated voice; "and I thought you would be able to help me."

"I am very sorry at being so useless," he put in.

"I thought that perhaps these bills you hold for me—that they would give you some power over him," and she colored and cast her eyes down.

He smiled.

"There is no longer arrest for debt, Lady Eleanor," he said. "They say there is no longer imprisonment, but that is not true. They imprison still, but they call it for contempt of court. Ah, it is a pity we are not living in the dark ages! We could have set an ambush for Lord Auchester, seized him bodily, and cast him into a dungeon below the moat until he had come to his senses; but there is an absurd prejudice against that kind of thing nowadays."

She drew a long breath, and, taking her silence as an acceptation of the fact that he could be of no use to her, he reached for his hat and prepared to go.

"I suppose it is the usual thing," he said sympathetically. "Some girl of the lower middle class has attracted him, and she and her parents have succeeded in obtaining a promise of marriage from him. It is not an uncommon case."

Lady Eleanor had sunk into the chair again, and answered languidly, for the excitement was beginning to tell upon her.

"I do not know the details of the affair. It is very probable. The girl's name is Lisle, Leslie Lisle——"

"What!" The exclamation broke from him with the suddenness of a gunshot.

Lady Eleanor looked up, but he had turned and stood at a little distance with his back to the window; and, though pale as usual, his face was set and calm.

"I—beg your pardon, I did not quite catch the name," he said. He spoke very slowly, enunciating each word distinctly, as if he were uncertain of his voice. "I did not quite catch the name."

"Leslie Lisle," said Lady Eleanor. "He met her at a place called Portmaris. You may remember that I mentioned it to you when you were here some weeks ago."

"Yes—I—remember," he said, in just the same slow, mechanical voice. He put his hat down and sat with tightly set lips and eyes fixed on the carpet.

Lady Eleanor looked at his grave, set face, waiting.

"Have you thought of anything, any plan by which the marriage could be prevented?" she asked anxiously.

He was silent for a moment or two, then, without looking up, he said—

"And they are to be married secretly?"

"Yes," and her face flushed and paled.

"And at once?" he asked, and she thought his voice was strangely hoarse.

"At once, I—I am told."

"At once," he repeated, as if to himself. "Lady Eleanor, I see a carafe of water on that side table; will you allow me——" He rose and crossed the room and drank nearly a glassful of water, while Lady Eleanor pressed him to allow her to ring for wine.

"No, no. Water, I prefer water. I am almost a teetotaler. Thanks, thanks," he waved his hand impatiently, almost imperiously. "And is that all you know? Do you know the place they are going to be married at?"

"No," she said. "Lord Auchester is in London," she added after a moment; "I saw him this morning."

He leant his head on his hand so that his face was almost completely concealed from her.

"In London. To be married at once," he repeated. He looked up. "I am thinking, Lady Eleanor——"

"Oh, yes, yes," she breathed, leaning forward. "I know if you will only think you will find some way. It is a shame to bother and trouble you——"

He smiled grimly.

"Don't mention it. Let me see." He put his hand to his forehead. "He is fearfully in debt. Some of those bills are long overdue. Do you think he means to leave the country?" He asked the question suddenly, with a flash.

"I—I don't know. He must, I should think."

"I see—I see," he said. "Stay, don't be too hopeful, too sanguine. But—well, the law has long claws still, though we have pared them down pretty considerably. And in the city its claws are longer than elsewhere. That's an anomaly, but it's true. In a city court of law you can do strange things. For instance, if a man owes me money and I go and swear that I have reason to believe that he is intending to leave the country—to abscond, in short—the court has an almost forgotten power to stop that man. The machinery is antiquated and rusty, but—but it may be made to work." He rose. A strange light was burning in his eyes, a hectic flush on his pale and rather hollow cheeks. "Lady Eleanor——"

"What is it?" she asked, almost frightened by the change in his manner, by the subdued eagerness and earnestness where a few minutes ago was only polite indifference.

"Lady Eleanor, if I consent to help you, I can do so on one condition."

"Yes! What is that?" she asked, trembling a little.

"That you follow my instructions to the letter. That you leave the whole matter to me, and offer no opposition to anything I may direct or do. I see—mark me!—I see a small chance, a slight hope of saving Lord Auchester from this," he smiled scornfully, "ruinous marriage. It is but slight, and to do anything with it I must have a free hand. Will you give it me?"

"I will," she said. "I would do anything—anything to save him."

"And so would I!" he muttered, but so low that she did not hear him.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

SOME blows which Fate deals us are so severe and crushing that, for a time they deprive us of the power of feeling; and of such nature was the bereavement which Leslie had suffered. She was simply crushed and powerless to feel or to act. Fortunately the landlady of the London lodging-house, and the young doctor, were kind-hearted persons, and they came to her aid.

Francis Lisle had quarrelled with and separated himself from his people years ago, and Leslie scarcely knew his relations by name, but she found the addresses of one or two, and the doctor wrote to them.

It is a hard world. One can forgive one's relations many sins, but that of poverty is the unpardonable one; and those of her kin to whom the doctor wrote doubtless regarded the sudden death of Francis Lisle as an additional injury dealt to them by that eccentric and unfortunate man.

One brother wrote a letter to Leslie expressing the deepest sympathy, and regretting that a severe attack of the gout would prevent him from attending the funeral, but desiring her to be sure and let him know if he could do anything for

her. A cousin sent his secretary with a ten-pound note—if it should be needed; and another relative wrote to saw how sorry he was, and that he should, of course, attend the funeral, and that he hoped and trusted "poor Francis" had left his daughter well provided for. He added, incidentally, that he himself had a large family, and had had a great deal of sickness that year; also that he should have been glad to have taken her into his house if it had not been so small and already overcrowded.

The head of the family wrote her a short note from a German watering-place, saying that he was in such a wretched state of health that he could not come to England, excepting at the risk of his life, and that it would probably not be long before he joined her father in the realms above.

"An't it dreadful, sir?" said the landlady to the doctor. "They don't seem to have a heart amongst 'em."

He shook his head. He had seen similar cases.

"I am afraid Miss Lisle is not very well off," he said. "If she had been an heiress her relations would have flocked round her, overflowing with sympathy and offers of assistance. It is the way of the world, Mrs. Brown. I fear Miss Leslie will feel this neglect and cold-heartedness very keenly. We must do all we can for her."

"Yes, sir, that we will," said the woman, with moist eyes. "As to feeling it, I don't think dear Miss Leslie feels anything at present. Ever since the funeral she has seemed like one dazed and out of the world, as you may say. I could scarcely rouse her to see about her mourning, and it makes one's heart ache to go into the room and see her sitting there in her plain black dress—she would have it so simple and no crape, though I told her that crape was always worn for a father—sitting there and just looking before her as if she was too weak and overcome even to think. It's my opinion, sir, that she scarcely realizes what has happend to her yet. Since the day he died she haven't shed a tear. And such a sweet young soul as she is, and so grateful for the littlest thing one does for her. But there, she was always the nicest young lady, that I ever took in, always; and if her relations is too proud or too heartless to look after her, why she shan't want for a friend while Martha Brown has got a shilling!"

The landlady's graphic description of Leslie's condition was a fairly truthful one. Day after day Leslie sat with her hands lying listlessly in the lap of her black dress, her eyes fixed on the trees in the square, her sorrow too great for thought.

If she had overheard the landlady and the doctor discussing her future she would have listened with perfect indifference. What did it matter what became of her, or whether she lived or went to join the poor weak soul whom she had loved and cherished, and yet—ah, what bitterness was in the thought!—deceived! If she had not listened to Yorke's proposal, had not consented to his plan for bringing her to London, her father might be alive now! It was true that the doctor had assured her that the weakness of the heart which had been the immediate cause of death had been latent for some time, and that her father had been a doomed and sentenced man for years past, and that any shock would have been sufficient to cause his death; but even this assurance scarcely softened the poignancy of her remorse.

It was of her father and his loss that she thought entirely during the days immediately following her bereavement, and it might be almost said that she had forgotten Yorke and her great love for him. Almost, but not quite. It was lying in the centre of her heart, buried for a time under the load of her anguish and sorrow, but it needed only a sight of him, only the sound of his name, to arise, like a giant, and reassert all its old influence over her.

After a while she began to recover sufficiently to be able to think, to realize her position, and to look vaguely and indifferently towards the future.

The doctor, the secretary of the great man, had gone into Francis Lisle's affairs, and discovered that a portion of his small income had died with him, and that what remained amounted to only a few pounds a year—not enough, by itself, to keep body and soul together. There was a little money in hand, but the largest part of that sum consisted of the fifty pounds paid by Mr. Temple for the picture he had bought; and Leslie, directly she was able to think, resolved that she would return the money, though it, and it alone, should stand between her and starvation.

There was something else also that she must return—the diamond pendant which Yorke had given her.

That, too, must go back. She could not summon up sufficient courage to take it from its hiding-place as yet; and, indeed, she did not know where to send it, unless she addressed it to the Dorchester Club, and it seemed to her that it would be wrong to send so valuable an article to a club; that she ought to send it to the duke's residence.

A woman of the world would have been aware that the address of so well-known a personage as the Duke of Rothbury could be found in a London directory; but Leslie was anything but a woman of the world, and felt helpless in her ignorance.

There was another article which lay in her box beside the diamond pendant; Ralph Duncombe's ring.

She remembered that, in a weary, listless way. He had said, when he placed it in her hand, that if ever she needed a friend, a helper, an avenger, she had but to send that ring to him and he would come to her side. But, though she were in the sorest strait in which a woman could be placed, she would not summon Ralph Duncombe to her aid; for to do so would be tantamount to engaging herself to him. The mere thought made her shudder; it was an insult to the love that lay dormant in her bosom—her love for Yorke.

One day she got out her money, and spread it on the table and counted it. With the strictest economy it would not go very far, and it was all that stood between her and the grim wolf, destitution; for she felt that she would rather die than appeal for assistance to her father's relatives.

"In the struggle for life we forget our dead," says the philosopher; and the problem of what was to become of her gradually drew her away from the sad brooding over her bereavement.

What should she do? She could not dig, and to beg she was ashamed. The question haunted her day and night as she sat by the window or walked up and down the room, or lay awake at night, listening to the multitudinous London clocks striking the hours. One afternoon she summoned up strength enough to go out, and in her plain black clothes, with her veil closely drawn over her face, she walked through the squares in Oxford and Regent streets. She felt weak and giddy at first, and soon tired. The vast thoroughfares and their eager busy crowds confused and bewildered her. It seemed to her as if everyone was looking at her, as if every individual of the throng knew of her trouble, her double loss, and was pitying her; and she turned homewards, faint in body and spirit.

As she reached No. 23 she saw a cab standing at the door; the cabman was carrying a modest box into the house, and as she passed into the narrow hall a young lady, who was talking to the landlady, made room for her.

Leslie concluded that it was a new lodger, and went up to her own rooms to take up the perpetual problem: What should she do?

She recalled all the novels she had read in which the heroines had been left alone in the world, and sought some help from their experiences and course of action. But most, if not all, these heroines had been singularly gifted beings, who had at once stepped into fame and fortune as singers, actors, painters or musicians; and she, Leslie, knew that she was not gifted in any of these directions.

"There is nothing I can do!" she told herself that night as she undressed herself wearily and hopelessly. "Nothing! I am a cumberer of the ground!"

She had tired herself by her walk, and slept the whole night, for the first time since her father's death; but she dreamed that she was married to Yorke, and that she was surrounded by a crowd—the crowd she had seen in Regent street—and that they called her "Your Grace" and "Duchess." And she woke to a sense of the reality with a heart that ached all the more bitterly for the pleasant dream.

Was it years ago, that drive to St. Martin's, when he had sat beside her and shown her how to hold the reins? Or did it never happen, and was it only a phantasy of her imagination?

So great a difference was there between then and now, so wide a gulf, that only the present seemed real, and the past a vision of a disordered mind! She unlocked the small box, and took out the diamond pendant and looked at it, and the scrap of paper with the precious words "From Yorke" written on it, until the tears blotted them from her sight; but they had recalled all the joy, the delight, the sacred ecstasy of the past all too distinctly.

It was true. She, Leslie Lisle, hopeless, friendless, with only a few pounds between her and want, was the Leslie Lisle who had looked on that short sunlight of happiness.

She thought she would make another attempt to go out that morning, and after dressing slowly, and putting off the dreaded moment of leaving the house and facing the outside world, she went down the stairs. As she did so the door of one of the rooms on the floor below hers opened, and the girl she had seen in the hall yesterday came out.

She stepped back as she saw Leslie, and seemed about to beat a retreat back into her own room again, then hesitated, and make a slight bow.

Leslie returned the bow absently and went out; and it was not until she had got into the crowded streets that she thought of the girl; the she remembered that she, too, was dressed in black, and that though not more pretty, she was modest, and looked like a lady, and wore eyeglasses. She thought no more of her than this, and after a weary walk returned home, and rang the bell for some tea.

When the door opened she was surprised to see the girl instead of Mrs. Brown; and her surprise must have shown itself in her face, for her visitor colored and stopped at the threshold.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said. "I hoped you will forgive me, Mrs. Brown has sprained her wrist, and she asked me—that is, I offered—to come instead of her——"

Leslie rose and looked at her with the half startled expression which indicated her condition of mind.

"I—I wanted some tea; but it does not matter," she said in a low voice.

The new-comer colored.

"Oh, but I will get it for you," she said. "I will get anything for you; that is, if you don't mind my doing it instead of Mrs. Brown."

Leslie looked at her more attentively, and saw a pleasant, amiable face with eyes beaming softly through eyeglasses perched on a tip-tilted nose.

"You are very kind," she said in a low musical voice. "But I do not think I ought to trouble you."

"Oh, it is no trouble, Miss Lisle," said the girl, still standing on the threshold as if she dared not venture further.

"You know my name?" said Leslie, with a faint smile.

"Yes," said her visitor, with a nod half-grave, half-smiling, and wholly friendly and propitiatory, "Mrs. Brown told me and—and about your trouble. I am so sorry! But," as Leslie winced, "I won't talk of that. I'll see that you have some tea."

"Will you not come in?" said Leslie.

The girl came into the room timidly, and took the chair which Leslie drew forward for her.

"I think I saw you in the hall yesterday," she said. "You are a lodger, like myself?"

"Yes. Oh, yes," replied her visitor, nodding. "And I saw you. I asked Mrs. Brown who you were, and she told me. I hope you don't think me inquisitive?" and she colored timidly.

"No. Oh, no. It was a very natural question," said Leslie. "Will you tell me your name?"

"Oh, yes. My name is Somes. Lucy Somes."

"And you are paying a visit to London?" said Leslie, trying to interest herself in this pleasant looking girl who had from sheer kindness acted as the landlady's substitute.

"A visit?" said Lucy Somes, doubtfully. "Well, scarcely that. "I'm here—" she hesitated—"on business. But I must not keep you waiting for your tea."

"My tea can wait until Mrs. Brown can get it," said Leslie.

"Oh, but I am going to get it for you, unless—" she hesitated, but, encouraged by Leslie's faint smile, she continued—"unless you wouldn't mind coming down to my room and taking tea with me. I have just got mine; and I should be so pleased if you would come."

Leslie did not respond for a moment or two. Trouble makes solitude very dear to us. But she fought against the desire to decline.

"Thank you," she said simply; "I shall be very pleased."

Lucy jumped up.

"Come along, then," she said with evident pleasure.

Leslie followed her downstairs, and Lucy Somes ushered her into the tiny room which served for bedroom and sitting-room.

"I hope you don't mind," said Lucy, with a sudden blush on her pleasant face. "But you see I am not rich enough to afford two rooms, and so——"

"Why should I mind?" said Leslie, in her gentle voice.

"Oh, I can see you have been used to something better than this," said Lucy, bustling to and fro as she spoke, and adding another cup and saucer and plate to the tea-things on the small table. "I laughed to myself when Mrs. Brown said you were a real lady—persons like her make such mistakes—but I see that she was right. But a lady does not contemn poverty, does she?" and she laughed as she cut some bread and butter.

"Especially when she is poor herself," thought Leslie, but she only smiled.

"And so I thought I would venture to intrude upon you," continued Lucy Somes. "I was half afraid, for you looked so—so—I want a word! it isn't proud; so aristocratic and reserved I'll say—that I quite trembled; and it was only by saying, 'she is only a girl and no older than yourself and all alone and in trouble,' that I plucked up courage to go up to you."

"Am I so very terrible?" said Leslie, with the smile that all Portmaris—and Yorke—had found so irresistible.

"Not now when you look like that," replied Lucy Somes, "but when you are grave and solemn, as you were when you passed by me yesterday, you are very—very—stand-offish. Will you have some sugar in your tea? I've made some toast. Papa—" she stopped suddenly, then went on in a subdued voice—"papa used to say that I made toast better than any of the others. He is dead," she added after another pause; and Leslie saw the eyes grow dim behind the spectacles.

She put out her hand and laid it on the girl's arm.

"Did he——?"

"Three months ago," said Lucy Somes, sadly, yet cheerily. "He was a country clergyman down in Wealdshire. He caught a fever visiting a parishioner. There are seven of us—and mother. I'm the second."

She poured out the tea while she was speaking, and was obviously fighting with her tears.

"Seven of us! Just fancy! Poor mother didn't know what to do! So I came up to London to fight my way in the world. And I mean to fight it too! What awful stuff the London butter is, isn't it? I don't believe there is a particle of cow's milk in it; do you? Seven of us! Three boys and four girls. And we're as poor as poor can be. Won't you take some milk, if one can call it milk?"

"And you are going to fight the world," said Leslie, with tender sympathy for this young girl who could be cheerful under such circumstances. "What are you going to do?"

Lucy Somes laughed as she put a fresh piece of toast in the rack.

"I'm going to be a governess."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DO THE RIGHT THING.—Whenever you are in doubt which of two things to do, let you decision be for that which is right. Do not waver, do not parley; but square up to the mark, and do the right thing. Boy! when you divide that apple with your little sister, be careful not to keep the largest half for yourself. Young man! don't sneak out of the house by the area steps because you wish to escape your father's eyes. Maiden! let not the most trifling deceit pass current in those little acts which make the sum of your life. No matter who you are, what your lot, or where you live, you cannot afford to do that which is wrong. The only way to obtain happiness and pleasure yourself, is to do the right thing. You may not always hit the mark, but you should, nevertheless, always aim at it, and with every trial your skill will increase. Whether you are to be praised or blamed for it by others, whether it will seemingly make you richer or poorer, or whether no other person than yourself knows your action, still, always, and in all cases, do the right thing. Your first lesson in this will grow easier, until finally doing the right thing will become a habit, and to do a wrong will seem an absolute impossibility.

AT a rather promiscuous at a residence on Second Avenue, the other night, the lady wanted to make all feel at home, and therefore saw that all were introduced. "Mrs. Dash, you have met Mr. Doe, haven't you?" she anxiously inquired as she brought them together. "I had the honor of asking her to marry me," replied Mr. Doe. "And I refused!" replied the lady. "And I have always felt grateful!" he said, as he bowed very low.

## LOVE PASSES THE TIME.

BY R. T. W.

There was an old man, and he had a long scythe,
He'd wings and a forelock, his face look'd so blythe;
From morning to night this old man, you must know,
Ne'er stopp'd e'en to whet his long scythe as he'd mow;
He mow'd down each leaf, and he mow'd down each flower,
He mow'd down each moment, each minute, and hour!

He'd mow'd on the water, the land, and the breeze,
And once down the river was mowing at ease;
His scythe he was using, instead of a scull,
But, somehow, he felt himself heavy and dull;
"What can be the reason," he cried, in despair,
"That I should be slow, who am lighter than air?"

Just then there appear'd, 'mongst the rushes, a boy,
Who seem'd to be bathing and splashing with joy;
He flew to the aid of the old man, and cried,
"Time cannot pass slowly with me at his side!"
"Who're you?" ask'd old Time, "for you seem to know me!"
"I'm Love!" said the youngster, now laughing with glee.

Young Love had for sculls both an arrow and bow,
And swiftly and lightly the two could now row;
Together the moments pass'd pleasantly, too,
Each vowing a friendship eternal and true;
The origin's here of that truth so sublime;
No one will deny it—Love passes the Time!

## Mrs. Westerveldt.

BY R. S. BRODIE.

MRS. WESTERVELDT'S diamonds? By Jove! she was hardly treated, poor woman, at the time."

"If you were worth anything, you would tell us all about it, Fred."

"Oh! all right, I'm agreeable."

"It would show a more becoming modesty if you were to leave that for others to say—let alone opinions differing."

"Oh! you shut up, Dicky, and just throw me a cigar, will you? and I'll tell you all about it.

"The two Westerveldts could hardly be said to get on together; fought on together is a more correct word. She had all the money, and he didn't even give her the 'quid pro quo' in love. She was past her 'premiere jeunesse,' well into her second, in fact, when he proposed to her (and to her 'beaux yeux). She was a widow, and she gave both love and money—till he spent the latter and half killed the former. Though it was still pretty vigorous when I knew them. She was a bit jealous of him, perhaps of his youth more than anything else, just as any wife might be, who, pretty far down the road of life herself, wants her husband to keep parallel with her. It's my opinion he was bad to the core. Yet she was awfully irritating. She was the sort of woman, you know, who waited till you had plunged yourself well back in your armchair, and then would say—'Oh, as you are up, do you mind giving me my work-basket, it's in the next room'—or—'As you're going up stairs, would you just bring dear Fido down with you'—when you hadn't shown the least sign of stirring from where you were. Then, too, she had that maddening way of shutting her eyes, with a fluttering sort of movement (you know the way some people have), while she was talking. It always made me long to skip out of the room while she was doing it, and peep round the corner, to watch her surprise when she found I had melted. It might have cured her. She nursed me like anything, though, when I was down with fever once, at Twivel: so I buck her all through.

"He wasn't faithful to her either. I happened to know of it too, and it made me feel a regular snake all the time she was looking after me. But a man has such a way of sitting tight on another fellow's affairs, and so I never told her that he had flung away any amount of her coin on Lilly Morrison. She thought it all went on racing. Of course they didn't know each other so well before marriage. Matrimony is such an infallible test—it's an irrevocable one, too, worse luck. Mind you, very few outsiders knew of the cat and dog life they led. Married folks hide their matrimonial wounds with such divinity of courage. All glory to them, say I. He was fond of music; and she, like that American chap—'didn't know a symphony from a boiler explosion.' She was fond of dabbing away with a brush in her hand—and he hadn't half an eye for color, excepting when Lilly put the layers on too thick; and so it went on zig zag fashion.

"I was stopping down at Twivel, one summer, and the house was pretty full. There was no one I particularly fancied amongst the guests, so I kept my attention to my hostess, whom I could see was suffering a good deal of mental worry, besides, I really think that the cash had begun to run short. She said to me once—awfully bitterly—'Give a man "short measure," Fred—do you know what I mean?—always give him "light weight"—if he bestows fourteen ounces 'avoir du pois' of love on you, give him only twelve ounces, it will keep him hanging on for the other two.' I guessed at what she meant—and that she regretted not having acted on that principle herself.

"They were giving a big dinner on the 16th, and about three-quarters of an hour before anyone had turned up, Mr. and Mrs. Westerveldt came into the drawing-room where we were all chatting.

"Mrs. Westerveldt said, in an awfully agitated way:

"'Do you know that all my diamonds have been stolen?'—And Mr. Westerveldt broke in significantly with—'We'll not call them "stolen" till we've found out more about the case.'

"She had been pale enough, to begin with, but she went livid, at the implied insult. 'Ladies' diamonds,' he went on with a sneer, 'get lost in most extraordinary ways sometimes, and are found, too, in remarkable fashions as well, when the husbands make a fuss over it.'

"It was infernally mean of him, considering he hadn't bought his wife's jewels, and as the loss was all hers, it was a shame to behave like a hound to her before all her guests.

"She snapped out (she had a right to be a bit worked up: 'You don't suppose I'm likely to have stolen my own diamonds myself, am I?"

"He only raised his eyebrows like two great marks of interrogation—and then played the injured, patient husband for the rest of the evening—and it went down with some of the women, and he got more sympathy than he deserved.

"Mrs. Westerveldt's neck looked bare, and rather unlovely, that night; she had intended wearing her diamonds, and nothing would induce her to wear a substitute. Have you ever known a woman with a longish upper lip, that you could canoodle? I haven't. Next day, down came a detective, and there was an awful shindy. All the servants' boxes routed out, all the maids wearing an air of innocence an inch deep on their faces, and tossing their heads at the sacrilege; and the butler getting drunk over it, to celebrate the event, and Mr. Westerveldt scowling till he looked like an ugly chimpanzee, and Mrs. W. ageing twenty years through it all, and miserable into the bargain.

"What was the detective like? Oh! let me see. A whitey-brown sort of Johnnie; nothing much about him that you could catch hold of by way of description. He looked what you would call a 'Gent'—ah, yah! how I bar the species. He looked as solemn as a sphynx, and made us all feel a jolly sight worse than we had felt before. Then off he went again as quietly and discreetly as if there had been another detective after him.

"He used to send daily bulletins on the case; it was always some rot about 'a promising clue,' which never fulfilled itself.

"One day Mrs. Westerveldt came to me with a telegraph form in her hand.

"'Fred, I want you to do something for me. I would have asked my husband if he weren't away in town. I don't believe that the detective we've got at present is any good, do you? He wears whiskers, and his hair's such a horrid color, isn't it? I want you, please, dear, to take this yourself to the post office. I don't think that Mr. Westerveldt can have stated the gravity of the case, when he telegraphed for the first man, and so I'm sending off to Scotland Yard for another, in the hopes that he will be more successful. There's so much at stake. Fred'—her voice quivered a bit—'my husband, thinks that I know something about the diamonds,' she went on in a whisper. 'It's so hard, so hard,' and she beat her hand on the table in a frenzied sort of way. 'I love him so,' she said, though I could hardly hear, her voice had all gone; 'I can't bear that he should think so vile a—there, what a fool I am! Be off, like a dear fellow, and relieve my mind.'

"So off I went like a 'dear fellow.'

"Mr. Westerveldt was away two or three days. And in the meantime a new man came down. Nothing 'whitey-brown' about him I can tell you, and his hair was the right color too. The only thing I didn't like about him was his way of popping round corners and into rooms. I used to change all sorts of colors, and I bet you anything you like, he rather sniffed a full-blown burglar in me. I believe he would have driven me into it if it had gone on much longer.

"Then he, too, passed away—and peace reigned in his stead.

"One day I fell asleep in the library. Oh! you know that twaddly device novelists have of letting their heroes hear things which they've no business to, by sending them off to nod and then waking 'em up just at the critical moment; well, by Jove, I'll never wag a scoffing head at them again; I did the very same thing myself. I went off into a snooze in the library, and when I woke it was pitch dark, except for the fire smouldering away in the grate, and what woke me was the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Westerveldt. He had just come back from town (from Lilly most likely), and she was hanging about him and doing odd things for him, and he seemed just a shade kinder to her. You should have seen her, she seemed to expand under it and look twenty shades handsomer and younger. Presently she said:

"'Oh! Henry dear, do you know I was not satisfied with that first detective you sent for, and so I wrote down for another, and he came here two days ago, and I told him every——'

"He sprang up with a sudden yell.

"'You sent for a detective from Scotland Yard?'

"'Why, yes—what's wrong?'

"'And you gave him all particulars, you fool! You gave all the information you knew?' and he let his hand down with a clap on her shoulder—it made her jump. She nodded her head.

"'You fool, do you know what you've done with your darned meddling?' And he lowered his face till it was on a level with hers. 'You've only set all Scotland Yard at my heels,' then he turned away with a dash of fury. She sprang up.

"'My God! Henry, what do you—what do you mean? What has it got to do with you?' And she followed him to the chair on which he had fallen, his head in his hands.

"'Oh! you may as well know,' he answered, in quick, furious tones, 'You've ruined me, if that's a pleasure to think of. There! I took your darned jewels. Oh! for God's sake now, don't go fainting and shrieking all over the place.'

"She had only staggered a bit, and clutched at the back of a chair.

"'You—took my diamonds! Oh, darling, what for?'—her face all drawn and gray—'I would have given you all I had,' with lovely pathos.

"'I meant to get paste put in, you would never have known,' he answered with brutal indifference and ignoring of her last words.

"She sank down by his side and clasped her hands on his knees.

"'But if the first detective knew, why should you mind this second one knowing as well?'

"'The first detective? he wasn't a detective at all. You don't suppose I was such a fool as to invite Scotland Yard's inspection—I just sent for a man whom I knew would do the work for me. There! do you understand at last?'

"I don't think she did, for there was a horrid look on her face. For the one moment, just that one, she could have stabbed him.

"Then she said very softly, 'Tell me all about it, Henry. I'm sure I can get you out of it, but tell me first why you wanted the money.'

"For a wonder, the man blushed, as he told her of Lilly Morrison. I tell you I had to bite the sofa cushion infernally hard to keep the words in—the way he talked would have made your hair curl. And she? Well, ever since that scene I've thought a jolly lot more of women. She behaved like a brick, though I saw her wince when he enlarged on La belle Lilly's charms; fancy cracking her up to his wife!

"'This is not the time to feel jealous,' she said very slowly, and staring into the fire as she knelt still by his side, 'I shall feel all that afterwards, I suppose; the thing now is, to get you out of it all—only you must let me think a bit, you know I'm not at all clever, but my heart is so full of love, such love, that I think it will help me. Doesn't it seem strange, Henry, that great love can't beget love. Now you've never loved me all the time you've known me, I suppose?' and she looked up wistfully, so awfully anxious was she for him to contradict her—and he put a hand on her hair, and said almost kindly:

"'You mustn't mind that, you are worthy a better man's love than mine.'

"She turned and gave him such a look, old chaps. I don't know how he felt, as it was intended for him, but I know how I felt—confound this smoke, it's all in my eyes—in all my life I never saw a face so changed and transfigured by love—such pathetic tenderness. (Yes, Dick, I'm getting maudlin, aint I?) Well, thank the powers, they both went off after a bit, Mrs. Westerveldt saying that she would rather talk it over in her dressing-room; just at the threshold, she turned and said:

"'I will save you, Henry, indeed I will, if I die for it—you believe me, dear.'

"That night after dinner (there's no good telling you how the couple looked, I wonder no one noticed it) Mrs. Westerveldt kept on jumping at every sound, and great purple rings had started round her eyes. She sent off a wire to say that she wished all proceedings stopped as she had resigned herself to the loss of her jewels. But it was too late—there were three men standing outside the drawing-room door—I happened to catch a glimpse of them, and I smelt a rat; I told her and she whispered to her husband; upon my soul, I was sorry for her. He left the room by the conservatory, then she went to the door and passed into the hall.

"I don't know what she told the men, but I didn't see them a quarter of an hour later, though I fancy two were lingering about the place.

"She came back to say good-night to us. She kissed one or two of the women as she said:

"'I do hope you've enjoyed your visit here, I have liked very much having you with me.'

"Then she turned to rest of us and said, 'good-night,' but it wasn't in the usual fashion, and we all felt puzzled at her manner.

"'Yes, I believe I am behaving rather erratically to-night,' she explained with a faint smile on her lips, and an imploring mist in her eyes, and such a worn look on her face; 'but I am so dreadfully weary—I mean tired—I'm going to take chloral, so I hope to get a good night's rest. Have you everything you want? That's right—good-night everybody—good-night!'

* * * * * *

"Well, she needed a good night's rest and she got it, poor soul, for next morning her maid found her sleeping heavily and she let her sleep on—and then as she didn't rouse up the woman got scared—Westerveldt wasn't to be found, so we took it upon us to send for the doctor; but it wasn't a bit of good, she slept away her last breath, a little before luncheon time, and there was an open letter on the dressing-table—what do you suppose she'd written? That she'd done away with the jewels herself, wit a long rigmarole of an explanation. Poor woman, she didn't know what she was about when she was writing it. There was such unconscious pathos in her patent endeavor to shield her husband, so patent in fact, that it pointed the finger of certainty more surely than ever to his guilt. Poor soul, she couldn't even die cleverly; she wasn't over bright in the upper story, but she had grit in her for all that. So she died with a lie on her lips and a stupid one too, and half the world believed her dying words and scorned her for them. Bah! if she'd been a young and pretty woman, wouldn't it have championed her, and flung the lie, unbelieving, back in her face, and dealt a bit kinder with the memory of her. I respect Mrs. Westerveldt!"

* * * * * *

"Well done Fred! you're coming out strong in the narrative line."

"Thank ye, I think I will have a peg—and I don't mind another cheroot either."

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THE ONLY SAFE WAY.—"No, I can't stay any longer," he said with determination. "What difference does an hour or so make now?" asked a member of the party. "Your wife will be in bed and asleep, and if she wakes up she won't know what time it is." "Quite right! Quite right!" he returned. "I can fool my wife most any time as long as I get home before breakfast. Why, I've gone home when the sun was up, kept the blinds shut, lit the gas, and made her think that it was a little after twelve. But, gentlemen, I can't fool the baby. I can make the room as dark as I please, but it won't make the baby sleep a minute later than usual, and when she wakes hungry it comes pretty close to being morning, and my wife knows it. Gentlemen," he added, as he bowed himself out, "I make it a rule to get home before the baby wakes. It's the only safe way."

# A True Helpmate.

BY T. R. C.

"Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, my steed
hie on,
For it is my wedding morning;
And the bride so gay, in fine array,
For the day will now be adorning."

SO, WITH a ring of exultant anticipation in his voice, sang Evan Davies, as he was borne by his brave spirited horse at a rattling pace along the highroad beneath the shadow of Plinlimmon, bound on an errand sufficient in itself to make the soberest minded of mankind burst into some outward manifestation of high spirits. For had he not, only the day before, been answered a certain question in such wise as made the result of this afternoon's journey a foregone conclusion, since the maiden had answered "yes," and nought remained but to gain the consent of a father who had never denied her aught.

It was a ten-mile ride from the rectory of Llanferant to Evan Davies' pleasant farm; but a lover does not mind distance, and besides, the stalwart young farmer's black horse was as fleet as any in all the principality, and bore his master swiftly along dusty or snow-besprinkled roads in the two years of his wooing of the rector's daughter.

Very sure of foot, and lithe as a greyhound was the bonnie black, which Evan himself had raised and trained; and pretty Ellen Morgan's gray eyes would light with loving pride when she watched steed and rider come towards Llanferant as the sun was setting, and turn in at the drive which led to the rectory door.

Two years of wooing entitled Evan to the privilege of speaking to Mr. Morgan, which he did, after first having Ellen's consent; and the good old man blessed the young people, and prayed Heaven to smile upon their love.

"I shall be very lonely without my child," he said, wistfully; "but we who have had the great joy of a true and tender love given to our youth, must not shadow by our selfishness the same sunlight for others. I shall miss my child; but she loves you, and you will make her happy. From my empty nest I will watch the heart of my daughter, and while I know it holds no care, I will thank Heaven that a good man's love is about her; for I am old, and the hour is not far distant when I shall become a part of death's reaping. When summer is past, you may come for Ellen. Go to her and tell her that I send my blessing with you. She is in the garden."

And the strong young lover sought Ellen, while the frail old father, to whom she was eyes and hands, and needed aid, bowed his white head on his desk, and remembered his own day of youth, and love, and high-beating heart, and tried not to think of the seeming ingratitude of youth, which leaves all things for the youth to which it is akin.

It was ten o'clock when Evan mounted for his homeward ride, and the stars had vanished under dark, pall-like clouds; there was no moon, the air was full of electricity, and a low rumble in the distance warned him that a storm would presently break up the calm of the world about him.

Mr. Morgan stood at the rectory door, his kind old face and white hair thrown out by the light within.

"There will be a storm," he said. "Do not go to the farm, Evan! Remain with us until morning."

Evan gathered up the reins and laughed. "My sister would be worried," he said. "I must go home, and Eric knows every foot of the way. No matter how dark it may be, he will not go wrong. Good-night, Mr. Morgan,—good-night, Ellen, my love!"

Very tenderly he said the words, his eyes resting a moment on the slight figure of the girl, who stood outlined in the light that flowed from the open door.

Then the black horse sprang forward with a snort of impatience, there was a ring of hoof-beats, and the darkness had taken steed and rider.

Ellen turned sharply towards her father, and caught his arm with her two little hands as a keen, jagged lance of lightning darted through the eastern sky, and a crash of thunder followed on its play.

"I fear—I fear some harm will befall him," she faltered. "And if there should—oh, father, father!"

"Heaven will guard your lover, child!" the old man said reverently.

And as he spoke, a sharp wind, suddenly arisen, and fraught with raindrops, smote on his kindly face.

Meanwhile, Evan, with his every pulse beating with joy, was dashing on and on, not heeding the rain, not worrying about the way, but leaving the rein loose on Eric's neck, and trusting to those fleet hoofs to bear him safely through the darkness.

On they went, until, by the frequent flashes of lightning, Evan knew that he was within a mile of his home. And then——

The springing, spurning hoofs struck ringingly on the bridge. There was a crash of breaking planks—a struggle, brief as a breath, a dull thud, and steed and rider were flung forward and lay where they fell, the horse plunging and struggling madly to free himself, for one hoof had gone through, and he was held captive.

But Evan Davies lay motionless, with the darkness around him torn and rent by vivid flashes of weird, blue light, and his white face turned upwards to the falling rain.

Were his love and his life to end so, in the hour which followed his betrothal?

* * * * * *

"Crippled for life? Is that what you mean, doctor? I am never to walk again?"

"You will have to use a crutch, my boy," the old physician said pityingly. "Bear it with a man's patience; you will never step on that right foot of yours again."

And Evan turned his face towards the wall, bearing it with all a strong man's burning, bitter impatience against such a decree.

They had found him in the gray of dawn, all crushed and senseless—had found the horse still a prisoner, exhausted and quiet, with gashes on his wet sides, and a piteous look in his usually fiery eyes; and it was discovered that neither man nor beast would ever be the same after that night of storm.

"I will free Ellen,—I will free her!" the young man whispered when he was left alone; and Heaven only knew what it cost him to whisper the words which brought such a heavy perspiration out on his forehead. "I will not keep her to her promise now—I will not! And yet how can I live without her, my sweet little love? Crippled for life—aye, crippled in heart and body!—losing love and hope, as well as strength of limb! Would to Heaven my bonnie Eric had trampled all life out of me, since he could not bear me safely. But Ellen!—my sweet Ellen!"

He flung up his arms on the pillows and crushed his face against them. Short, strong sobs shook him like a reed.

As he lay so, a slight young figure stole up to his couch; a pair of loving hands lifted his head; and Ellen's tender, tear-wet eyes looked into his.

"My darling!" she said softly; "is it so hard to bear? Can love not make it lighter for you?"

"Ellen! my lost, lost darling!"

"Nay, sweetheart; not lost, but here beside you,—to stay always, now that you need me."

And the soft little hands drew his hot aching head to her bosom, and held it there as fondly as mother holds the head of her weary child.

"Ellen, do you know that I can never walk again? Oh, my love! it is hard to give you up, but——"

"Evan, what do you mean?" The sweet face of the girl was blanched and tremulous. "I know what the doctor says—and, ah, my dearest, it is very, very sad! But you are not going to send me away from you now, when your doing so would kill me?"

"Oh, dearest, do not tempt me to be selfish! You gave your promise to me when I was strong and well; now that I am crippled thus, I give it back—I free you!"

"But you love me, Evan?"

"Oh, Ellen!"

There was no mistaking that heart-hungry cry; and as it left his lips, Ellen laid hers upon them.

"Then nothing shall come between us," she said firmly. "I did not love you for your strength; I loved you because you were Evan. Dear, remember what I was to promise you in the autumn—that sickness, misfortune, any evil that might come, should find me beside you. Nay, not a word, unless you love me less than you did before this befell you; you do not, Evan?"

"My darling, I never loved you as I love you now; but——"

"Papa wants to say something to you," she broke in, laying his head gently back on the pillows, and tenderly putting back the damp hair from his forehead. "Remember, papa is an old man, and wiser than you or I; and he knows his daughter's heart, my dearest,—heed what he suggests."

Without any of the shy timidity which had characterized her, she bent over him, laid her cheek to his for an instant, and then glided away; and poor Evan lay as she left him, wondering at the thrills of joy that shot through his being for all the gloomy prospect before him.

He was lying there with the whiteness of physical pain on his face, but a glow of lovelight in his eyes, and a faint smile on his colorless lips, when Mr. Morgan entered and went up to his couch.

"Heaven has seen fit to deprive you of one blessing, but as its law is one of compensation, it has given you the treasure of a pure, young love, of which no misfortune can deprive you. You asked me for Ellen, and I promised her to you; then you could have done without her, now you cannot. So, my son, I am going to leave her with you—as your wife."

The rector's voice was not quite even as he said the words, but on his kind old face there was a smile. And when Evan remonstrated,—vowed he loved Ellen too well to sacrifice her, reminded Mr. Morgan that he would be a useless cripple for his whole future,—the good man convinced him that all Ellen's happiness lay in her nearness to him, her power to soothe his pain, the privilege of ministering to his weakness. And when he had finished, the young man's eyes, so lately haggard with misery, were dim with tears that welled up from a heart overflowing with gratitude and joy.

He had lost his perfection of manly grace and strength, would never again walk the earth with firm, springing tread; but love was left him, and what would upright form and strength of limb have been to him if love had been taken away?

So, a couple of days afterwards, by special license, a quiet ceremony was performed in that quaint, old-fashioned room, and Ellen remained with her husband.

There were long weeks of tender care on her part, and pain borne with new and gentle patience on his; then, slowly, slowly stole back strength and hope to the two loving hearts; for a new physician,—young, and with his whole soul in his profession, because he had but launched his bark of hope, with its freight of knowledge, upon the rough tide of the world—told them that he could give back all power to the injured foot, if Evan would permit an operation to be performed upon it by himself and an older surgeon.

Evan consented, and for long weeks again he dare not move, lest the skill of the men should be put at nought.

Heaven alone knows what Ellen's love and watchful care did for him during this weary time of suffering!

And, then at Christmas-tide, the crutch was laid aside for ever.

Evan Davies could walk the earth like others, but for a slight halt in his step; and, who in this great world, was happier than he, as he drew his wife to his bosom and kissed her with more than a lover's tenderness?

"It was not the skill of my physicians, dear one," he said softly. "It was your love that wrought my cure!"

"It was that God loved you and me," she answered, with a touch of reverence on the sweet face, that had lost it color in her months of anxiety.

And Evan answered—

"He loved me well when He gave me so sweet a wife, dear."

Was it not true?

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QUARRELS.—There is nothing which enters so intimately into the character of our social intercourse as the condition of the feelings. The idea that discords in the family, in the social circle, in business relations, or in party strifes proceed chiefly from diversity of opinion, difference of circumstances, inharmonious tastes, or conflicting interests, is by no means correct. These things often seem to be the immediate cause of dissension; but they are no more chargeable with it than are the sun and the air chargeable with the presence of the noxious weed. There may be every shade of thought, every variety of belief, every divergence of preference, every dissimilarity of disposition coexisting in harmonious and even pleasurable intercourse, if only the feelings of those who associate together do not clash discordantly. On the other hand, the nearest resemblance in external surroundings and the utmost uniformity in thought may coexist with disgraceful bickerings.

"WHAT would be a good name for a society of old maids?" asked Scroggs. "Don't know; what would?" replied Staggers. "I think lone association would do."

# Scientific and Useful.

CRACKS IN STEEL.—Sir Benjamin Baker has recently shown that a crack or nick on the surface or edge of a bar of steel does not always indicate its liability to fail by the gradual spreading of the nick and a probable breaking under a very much smaller load than a sound bar.

DIVING.—The diving apparatus is one of the latest objects to which the telephone has been applied. A sheet of copper is used in place of one of the glasses in the helmet, and to this a telephone is fixed, so that the diver, when at the bottom of the sea, has only to slightly turn his head in order to report what he sees, or to receive instructions from above.

GUNNERY.—The latest invention in gunnery is the use of electricity in the place of the percussion lock, the battery being situated in the stock of the rifle, and the spark is furnished by means of a primary coil in a manner similar to the portable gaslighters, which, as is well known, when used with chlorate of silver, dry battery, will stand a use of thirty-five thousand times without recharging.

THE EYESIGHT.—It is the health, not the eyesight, which parents with studious children should ever protect, though they should be most merciless in insisting on a sufficiency of light, and light which actually reaches the object of attention. You may sit in a room full of light, but have all the while only twilight, or even a deep shadow falling on the work in hand. Light, full light, but light without glare, is the grand preservative of the eyes.

A FLOATING TUNNEL.—Mr. Joseph Holden, a journalist of Northeast Lancashire, England, has taken out a patent for what might be called a floating tunnel. One of its principal applications would be to connect England and France. The inventor's idea is to construct a steel cylinder of the diameter required for the tunnel and sink it in the channel until it shall rest on the highest parts of the bed, the intervening portions being supported by steel pontoons firmly anchored to the bottom by steel cables.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—A foreign newspaper has an account of the uses to which old boots and shoes are put in France. After being collected from the streets and corners and ash barrels, they are ripped apart, and the leather is subjected to some chemical process by which it is reduced to a pliable mass, from which, by condensing and pressing, a peculiar kind of new leather is produced. This is stamped in patterns, and is a handsome article for covering chairs, trunks and boxes.

# Farm and Garden.

BEES.—The Beekeeper says that the qualifications of a beekeeper are gentleness, patience, absence of fear and perfect command of self. Fear must be overcome or concealed. It may be present at first, but usually gives place to confidence after a little experience.

GUINEA FOWLS.—Very little has been said in regard to the guinea fowl. Although the noise of these fowls is very annoying to most persons, yet, as this very noise scares off hawks, they should be kept by all who raise many chickens, and also for the reason that they do not scratch the garden like our common chickens, but go for the bugs on all garden vines without injuring the most delicate plants.

PEAS.—In Canada peas are sometimes cut with a pea harvester attachment to an ordinary reaper. A common practice there, also, is to use a sulky rake, one end only being used, so that the horse need not walk upon the peas. Harvest when about two-thirds of the pods are yellow, and when dry stack under cover, or thresh immediately. An ordinary thresher may be used, although it chops the straw up rather fine.

THE warmth and moisure of the soil are increased by the organic matter in it, and acids formed by the decay of vegetable matter are all important in dissolving the mineral matter which forms the food of plants. It is the key to the treasures of the soil, and if farmyard manure or composts or other substance rich in organic matter are not put on the cultivated land, or fed on it, the soil becomes unduly deprived.

HOGS.—Hogs have their parasites like other animals, and they wallow in the mud as a relief. In the winter, when slush and mud are undesirable, an excellent method of affording relief is to place a rough post in the pig pen, not less than six inches in diameter, which will be found very beneficial to the pigs, as they can then rub themselves. Fine coal ashes dusted over their backs is also a preventive of the attacks of parasites.

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SOONER OR LATER, a neglected Cold will develop a constant Cough, Shortness of Breath, Failing Strength, and Wasting of Flesh—all symptomatic of Consumption. In other instances the same cause will produce Bronchitis, a disease of the branches of the windpipe. In all affections of the Pulmonary organs, as well as in Bronchial complaints, Jayne's Expectorant is both a palliative and a curative, as the testimony of thousands, and its world-wide reputation attests—while in Coughs and Colds it acts speedily, and when taken according to directions, promptly removes them.

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### Sleep and Dreams.

Of all the theories of sleep propounded by science, none assists us in the slightest degree to comprehend the real nature of the phenomenon. The state of quiescence and unconsciousness on which we bestow the name of sleep appears to be a necessity of all created natures, which assimilate most to the divine energy when they are for the shortest space of time under the empire of this periodical death.

In man's case, continuous and violent action produces weariness; that is, a relaxation of the nervous system, a retardation in the progress of ideas, a dimness and faintness of perception, a slackening, so to speak, in his hold upon existence, an incapacity to carry on any longer the functions of life, under which he places himself in a recumbent posture, and not only consents to, but courts a brief pause in the action of life.

This desire being generally coincident with darkness, suggests by the law of association the idea of a necessary link between sleep and night, though it is only in the lowest stages of the savage condition that man devotes to drowsiness the whole of that portion of time which divides twilight from dawn.

Adam is described by Milton as apprehending the coming on of death when he first experienced the inclination to close his eyes upon the visible world. Yet the change was not without delight; and he had no sooner made it, than a dream stood by him, and thus impressed upon his mind the difference between sleep and death; to which, however, it is closely akin.

The coming on of this subduer of thought is marked in different individuals by extremely dissimilar premonitions. In the midst of strength and health it generally descends upon the soul at once, like a tropical night, which is preceded by little or no twilight.

What happens afterwards may be said to indicate, even more clearly than the actions of the waking individual, the differences and varieties existing in the intellectual faculties.

Persons full of fancy and imagination, of luminous ideas, and great creative powers, obtain in their sleep command over a universe more vast, gorgeous and brilliant than that which presents itself to them by day.

It is one of the errors of physiology that the rest of a person thus entertained at night is less complete and refreshing than that of one who never dreams, or rather who dreams but seldom, since it may be doubted whether there ever existed such a phenomenon as an undreaming individual.

We say of some people that they never seem to be quite awake; yet it is they who, when really asleep, dream least. To enjoy in all their grandeur the visions of the night, the mind must be vigorous, clear, of quick and active perceptive powers, and served by senses every way analogous to its own characteristics.

We say senses, because though physiologists seem to doubt whether, during the interruption of waking life, these ministers of good and evil have any real duties to perform, a careful observer of nature will by no means share their scepticism.

In places affected by malaria, sleep, however sound it may be, occasions comparatively little refreshment, while it is peopled by dreams, sad, gloomy, depressing, which are escaped from with a start and a shudder, and often leave behind them an afflicting uneasiness during the ensuing day.

It has besides been found by experiment that fragrant flowers, brought near the face of a sleeping person, will affect the character of his or her dreams, call up a succession of beautiful landscapes overhung by bright skies, because the association of ideas, going on irresistibly even in this imperfect state of existence, inevitably joins together the circumstances usually found united in nature.

Whoever has been accustomed to sleep within hearing of the roar of lions must have observed that these grand sounds, acting upon the organs of hearing, have transported his fancy to vast African deserts, tangled jungles, tropical lakes, and clear, scorching skies. So again, the cry of aquatic birds, acting through imperfect sensation upon the slumbering fancy, calls up ideas of the seashore, of rivers, of extended marshes, where the bittern booms in the mud, where the white seamew wheels overhead, where the frog and the toad croak, and where the traveler is in danger at every step of sinking in the quaking bog.

While investigating this subject, physiology approaches the point of contact between mind and matter, where they may be said to commingle and interpenetrate, though, properly speaking, the phenomena of sleep carry us beyond the limits of physics, and set us down within the dark confines of metaphysics, where everything around us is glancing and uncertain.

We may talk of the sensorium, that organ of the senses, we may alight on the extremities of the nerves, and follow the subtile fluid, of which they are the channels, to its central reservoir in the brain; but, when we arrive at that bourne, we feel that we have touched upon the impassable barrier which separates the material from the intellectual world.

Neither the vibration of chords, nor the motions of fluids, nor the action of fibres, can enable us to explain the generation of ideas. Where they come into play we perceive ourselves to be in a land of mystery, upon which the labors of science during three thousand years have thrown not one ray of light, since, in regard to the nature of the soul, the motions of the spirit, the furniture and economy of the intellectual world, we know no more at this day than the priests of Isis, who sought in the caverns of Thebes, or the temples of Philæ, to represent by forms and colors the influences of mind upon matter.

It is wholly unphilosophical to maintain that the things which occupy us by day reappear in our dreams. Studious men are seldom haunted by visions of libraries; while men who love passionately rarely behold the objects of their affections.

Country people dream of towns, beggars of palaces, the sick and feeble of banquets and festivities—at times.

Poets, it is true, have occasionally made verses in their sleep, which they have remembered and written down next morning.

Coleridge persuaded himself that the whole of his vision of Kubla Khan was composed in slumber; though, as he was an opium eater, he may not have been able very accurately to distinguish between sleeping and waking.

The inspirations, however, of the night muse never rise above the level of the creations of the waking faculty, which shows that they belong to the same category.

We have not touched upon the dreams which belong to different classes of society, or to prophetic dreams, or to anything which borders on the limits of imposture, but have confined ourselves to the natural operations of fancy in sleep, which, however, are so varied, so multitudinous, and so full of interest, that if we stop short, it is only because we despair of bringing them within any reasonable compass.

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PERSONS who indulge in a dreamy and visionary habit of mind are frequently both unpractical and unsuccessful; but this proceeds not from an excess of imaginative power, but from the lack of training it aright and of supplementing its action by determined industry. Like every other faculty, the imagination needs wise direction and vigorous culture; and, if it receives this treatment, it will put a vital and energetic force into every part of life and give a new impetus to the most practical of its realities.

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BE true if you would be beloved. Let a man speak forth with genuine earnestness the thought, the emotion, the actual condition of his heart, and all men—so strongly are we knit together by the ties of sympathy—must and will give heed to him. In culture, in extent of view, we may stand above the speaker or below him, but in either case, his words, if they are sincere, will find some response within us; for in spite of all carnal varieties of outward rank or inward, as face answers to face, so does the heart of man to man.

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WE are foolish, and without excuse foolish, in speaking of the superiority of one sex to the other, as if they could be compared in similar things! Each has what the other has not; each completes the other; they are in nothing alike; and the happiness and perfection of both depend on each asking and receiving from the other what the other only can give.

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No climate however balmy, no skies however bright, no circumstances however adventitious, can avail for man's benefit, unless he himself be sufficiently vigorous and intelligent to take advantage of them for his own purposes. This necessary vigor and intelligence can be gained only through continued effort and energetic action.

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THE range of friendship has hardly a limit. Intercourse is not needful to its continuance. Equality in years is not a requisite. Nor is parity of position essential. The finest natures triumph over social inequalities, mutual trust and affection can bridge over the chasm between wealth and poverty.

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PRIVATE credit is wealth; public honor is security. The feather that adorns the royal bird supports its flight; strip him of his plumage, and you pin him to the earth.

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LET not your peace rest in the utterances of men, for whether they put a good or bad construction on your conduct does not make you other than you are.

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CAN there be any greater dotage in the world than for one to guide and direct his course by the sound of a bell and not by his own judgment?

## CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

DESPAIRING.—There does not seem much reason for despair as yet; a young lady of nineteen can hardly be called an old maid. You must have patience; if the gentleman loves you, you will soon find it out.

CHRISSIE.—The sooner you forget all about the young man the better. He is evidently only amusing himself at your expense. Make up your mind to put him out of your head at once, and have nothing more to do with him.

YOUNG.—Afternoon tea is an informal affair lasting as long as guests keep dropping in. No ceremony is observed. The tea is handed round, and neat slices of bread and butter, biscuits, or small slices of cake are offered with it. It is in no sense a meal.

VIOLET M. D.—Young ladies cannot or should not do anything "to win the love of gentlemen"; they must wait to be sought and won. No lady should allow a gentleman to kiss her unless she is engaged to him, or is a relation sufficiently near to make such a salute permissible.

POST S.—The name "Piccadilly" is said to be derived from the word "pickadel" or "pickadill." This was a collar in the form of a band, which gave its name to the house where it was sold, which stood about where Sackville street does now. It was called Piccadilly House.

FRED L.—When an officer of an army is "cashiered," it means that he is dismissed the service in disgrace. A man's conduct must be very bad before such an extreme measure is resorted to. He is disqualified from ever again entering the service, from which he has been ousted ignominiously.

SWEETHEART.—It is not absolutely necessary to give a silver article, but it is usual to do so on the occasion of a silver wedding. Silver is so fashionable just now that almost anything can be procured in that metal. A silver framed toilet hand glass is a pretty present for a lady.

SORROWFUL.—Mourning is very much a matter of taste; some persons wear it much longer than others; it is quite correct for a widow to wear her weeds two years, many ladies never leave them off. Black and white is always suitable wear for an elderly person, even when not in mourning.

DARK A.—You had better wear something brighter; blue should never be tried by brunettes, it is essentially a color for fair people. Red, or a dark shade of yellow, will suit you better, though there are many neutral tints which are very becoming to young ladies with dark hair and complexions.

F. E. A.—In parliamentary proceedings, a "point of order" is simply a statement to the chairman and meeting that some violation of the rules is taking place. It may be made at any time, even to the interruption of the speaker, and the presiding officer must immediately rule whether or not it is well taken.

CAREFUL.—To clean white kid gloves make a thick lather with white soap and warm water; it must be very thick, so that it can be turned upside down and not fall out; put your gloves on; take a soft cloth, and quickly apply the lather, and as quickly rub off with another soft clean cloth; there must be as little moisture as possible to the lather; clean one finger at a time; the gloves must not be allowed to get wet.

L. L. R.—The skin not only varies in thickness in different individuals, but also in different parts of the same person, being in some places only 1-200th of an inch in thickness, whilst in others it is 1-25th of an inch. The skin of women and children is thinner than that of men. A thick skin is always developed over parts where there is frequent pressure, as on hands and feet. Thickness of the skin varies with the color of the hair and eyes. Usually, black hair and dark brown eyes are associated with thick skin; a moderately thick skin is found with brown hair and blue or gray eyes; the finest skin belongs to blondes, and is a usual accompaniment of auburn or flaxen hair.

MARY.—It is not an uncommon occurrence. People who believe that the spirits of the dead can visit this earth as well as all the many other star-worlds in space explain it by saying that the departed spirit may not have power to visit living beloved ones when it first leaves the body. Certain conditions may be necessary. If this be true, your father's spirit may have never before been able to be around you, and to impress you with a sense of his presence in dreams. When one is asleep, the reason, which resides in the front part of the brain, is paralyzed, but the instincts in the back part of the head are active and sensitive to subtle impressions. But dreams are mysteries, and so are all things relating to the finer, immaterial part of us.

H. C. A.—On the Atlantic coast Honduras is subject to great heats and is consequently unhealthy in the long summer and wet seasons. Land ranges in value as elsewhere, and where good and convenient to the coast and commercial stations dear as in many parts of this country. As to whether money could be made there raising coffee we couldn't say. Between cattle-raising, agriculture, indigo, coffee and other matters the country is fairly prosperous, but we should judge much less so than the majority of our States. You will have to write to the State Department at Washington for the name of our consul or minister at that point. The natives are of mixed Indian and negro blood, and while not in a very high state of education or civilization they are far from being barbarous.

### OF THEE.

BY W. W. LONG.

When the evening vesper rings,
And the night bird softly sings;
When the sweet stars brightly gleam
Over valley, glade and stream.

When the moon sheds silver light
From the portals of the night,
Then I'm thinking, love, of thee,
Ever thinking, love, of thee.

## In a Dim Light.

BY ANNIE THOMAS.

RIDE UP straight away till you come up under Heitor Down—the round pine tree wood a' top o' the hill to your left is Heitor Down, master—and then bear away to your right till you come to a house standing, lonely like, in a garden with high pales all round 'un, and then if you sees any one, and likes to do it, there's no harm in your making inquiry again."

"And after I've inquired my way, and passed the house, what then, my man? The light is getting dim already——"

"Aye, so! Fog's thickening up," he interrupted complacently.

"Exactly! and I don't want to be befogged on Dartmoor. Tell me the shortest cut I can take to the nearest village inn?"

"Where do 'ee want to be gwain?" the excellent fellow asked, with a slow, stolid curiosity of his class.

"I did want to push on to Princes Town ——"

"Gently does it, master," he said, leaning on his pickaxe and surveying me with lethargic derision. "I've told 'ee where to go, and how to go there——"

"You've only told me the road for a short way. Where does it lead to?"

"I'll tell 'ee again," he spoke with maddening moderation. "I'll tell 'ee again. I don't groodge a fellow-creature all the good a few words from me may do him. You ride till you come up under Heitor Down—the round pine tree wood a' top of the hill is Heitor Down—and then, bear away to your right till you come to a house standing, lonely like, in a garden with high pales all round 'un, and then if you sees any one, and like to do it, there's no harm in your making inquiry again."

"Can they direct me to Princes Town?"

"Aye! sure! if they know the way themselves."

It was the close of a midsummer day, and all nature was dripping, as it is the wont of nature to do at midsummer, as well as the other seasons in Devonshire. Breathing a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for being only a wayfarer through this damp and depressing western land, I set myself to the serious consideration of what it would be best for me to do if the information I received at the lonely house under Heitor Down annihilated my hopes of gaining the shelter of an inn, before black impenetrable darkness made the wild, pathless moors dangerous travelling ground.

The necessity for riding slowly gave me plenty of time for reflection before I reached the lonely house, and I found my mind dwelling curiously on an episode that had occurred the previous evening at Plymouth.

I had gone to a livery stable to which I had been recommended as a likely place at which to find a stout cob for sale at a reasonable price. My intention had been to buy a horse, to ride it over Dartmoor, and such portions of the country as were not readily accessible by train, and then sell it at some market-town when the days of my holiday were ended.

In pursuance of this intention I had been standing in the livery stable yard looking over a likely cob with the owner, when a gentlemanly-looking man in a loose dust overcoat had come up to me, and with a polite apology for having inadvertently listened to our conversation, had offered to show me a horse of his own which he said "would suit my purpose exactly." I remembered now as I rode along in the growing gloom, how curiously unlike the horse I had described as being what I wanted, was the animal he introduced to my notice.

But though the horse he offered had not attracted my attention for more than a minute, its owner had done so. He had struck me, during the course of a walk we took together from the livery stable to the Hoe, as being rather a well-informed and versatile individual, for he had poured forth an easy and rapid stream of critical remarks upon the prevailing pictures, books, policy and philosophy of the day. His tone too was the tone of a gentleman and man of the world; but I remembered now that, though he had led me on to tell him who and what I was, the route I had sketched out for my riding-tour, and my intention of taking all my travelling gear with me on horseback, in a light valise strapped on my back, he had maintained perfect reticence about himself.

At the time this had seemed natural, for my position and needs as a traveller had been on the surface, while he (doubtless a resident in the neighborhood) had merely obeyed an instinct of kindness in offering to serve those needs! So I had half unconsciously reasoned at the time. But now in solitude and darkness on Dartmoor, I wished I had found out more about him, or let him find less about me.

It was a trifle, but it came back to me now vividly. On parting he had laughingly cautioned me against wearing a valuable diamond ring which he just happened to observe on my left hand, during my lonely ride. "Not that you run any risk of being robbed by any of those who are indigenous to the moor soil," he said, "but some of the high roads about here are a good deal infested by the genus tramp, fellows who have limped down from London rookeries, and who burgle and rob so cleverly that they contrive to throw the odium on local rascality, which I believe really to be innocent of all offence in that line."

These words of his recurred to me now, and I lost a few minutes in wrenching my ring off my scoldened finger, and putting it away securely in one of the pockets of my little valise. Then I rode on in the dreary darkness, trying to persuade myself that I enjoyed the uncertainty and romantic discomfort of being alone on an unknown part of Dartmoor on a black night in the dripping rain.

On lifting up my head and gathering up the reins, I pushed on with renewed vigor for there just before me was a light in a window at last. It burnt with such bright encouragement that I gave a shout in response to its mute welcome, and a minute or two afterwards another light appeared at an open door, and my horse coming to an abrupt pause, I found that I was close upon the high pales, of which my friend, the road-mender, had made mention.

By the light held at arm's length above her head, I saw a woman standing in the doorway; a tall, stout, commonplace woman whose appearance dispelled all the romance of the situation at a glance. She came slowly down the path and opened the wicket-gate without a word, but I obeyed her silent motion for me to enter, for I was hungry and wet through, and ready to welcome the roughest shelter and coarsest food.

"Can I stable my horse here, and may I sit by your kitchen fire till daylight?" I asked as courteously as I could.

"How came you here?" she asked; and I told her.

She gave vent to an ungracious sound between a sigh and a grunt, and looked at me steadily, till I grew impatient and said:

"Tell me at once if you mean to let me in, or to turn me from your door in this weather?"

"The weather isn't the worst thing about here. If I was you I'd push on, and not mind a drop o' rain. You're a gentleman, and our ways are not the ways of gentlefolks in this house. Our ways are rough, master—if I was you I'd push on."

As she spoke I heard a dog bark, and a door opened and shut in haste at the back of the house, and a voice that I thought joyfully for a moment I knew, called out, "Polly, where are you?"

"It's my master back from market," the woman explained hurriedly; "he'll be wroth at seeing a stranger. Go into that shed, sir, with your horse till I've got my master up to bed, then I'll give you a seat by the fire, and such supper as I have."

She caught me by the arm, and half dragged me towards a big wood-shed, where I stood shivering, together with my shivering horse, for the next twenty minutes. At the end of that time she came back, and imposing silence on me by a motion of her hand to her lips, she whispered, "If you come along quiet now, I'll give you a bit of supper. My master's apt to come home a bit tired and teasy from market, but he's abed and asleep now, and if you're quiet you can bide by the kitchen hearth till the morning.

She dragged a bundle of hay down from a rack as she spoke, and seeing my horse fall to on this at once, I gladly followed her into the house.

It was a mean house, meanly furnished so far as I could see, but clean. The passage, floored with bright red brick, was barren of everything save a coarse string mat, and the kitchen to which she led me, had nothing in it but a big deal table, a settle, a few chairs, and a grandfather's clock.

Some brown bread and Dutch cheese and a jug of scald milk, stood ready for my consumption on the table, and I was preparing to partake of these delicacies with a moorland appetite, when a savory odor of roast chicken, and daintily made and cooked pastry, was wafted in upon me from—somewhere. I sniffed it in as only a hungry man can sniff, remarking at the same time, "You feed someone in this house better than you're going to feed me, my good woman."

She colored up vividly. "How do you know that?" she asked.

"I smell the fact," I rejoined laughingly. "You have a lodger, I suppose?"

She shook her head, and relapsed into stolidity. "No lodger here; what should bring any one here to lodge, master?"

She looked at me so earnestly as she made her disclaimer, that I, in return, looked at her earnestly for the first time. I have recorded the impression she had made upon me when first I caught sight of her at the wicket-gate in the light that fell from the upraised lamp. Now looking at her with quickened interest, I saw that the head and face surmounting the tall, stout figure, had each a luxuriant beauty of their own, which redeemed their possessor from that limbo of "commonplace" to which I had too hastily consigned her.

The hair was rough and inartistically arranged, but it was curly and wavy, and of a ruddy gold color that on the head of a fashionable woman would have been of inestimable value. Her complexion was clear and good also, though the tint on her cheeks might have been a trifle too pronounced, but her face was redeemed from any trait of vulgarity by the depth and beauty of purple eyes which gleamed out winningly from between long, dark, curled lashes.

"I thought the trout streams would have brought you lodgers if you wanted them," I answered carelessly, and after gazing at me fixedly for a few moments to see if I meant more than I said, she seemed satisfied to let the subject drop. Taking up her little lamp and bending nearer to me, she whispered:

"You're welcome to a night's shelter, master, but if I was you I'd be on my road soon as the stars show forth. You'll find some more milk in that moog, and water in this pitcher, and that's all I can do for you—'cept advise you to be off soon as the stars show forth."

"Polly," shouted a voice sleepily from the upstairs region, and with a hasty nod to me the woman vanished, closing the kitchen door behind her.

I took out a little warm woollen shawl that had been packed for me for the protection of my throat in cold weather, and wrapping it over my head I sat in the settle corner nearest to the fire, and resigned myself to thought—not to sleep.

Curiously rough and uncouth these moorland people were, I thought. With savory and appetising viands ready cooked in their house, they had wilfully given me barely a crust of bread and cheese, and a glass of that scalded milk which would otherwise have been consigned to the pigs' tub.

What could their station be? The woman in dress and manner was not superior to a laborer's wife, yet the house was too large for a laborer's cottage. Probably as she spoke of her "husband having been to market," he was a small farmer. Yet his voice as he had called "Polly" at the back door, curiously resembled another voice that I had heard—somewhere. Just now? or—long ago? Which was it?

I must have fallen asleep while indulging in these speculations, for I woke with a start. What woke me? In a moment I was quietly on the alert. The lamp had gone out, and the fire was a black hole merely. What woke me?

Was it a footstep, a hand touching my foot as it rested on the settle, or a breath passing over my face? It had been one of these things, I could swear—but which? Involuntarily I sprang to my feet, and beating my arms about me in a vague effort at self-protection, I made for the door as best I could in the darkness.

After revolving round the settle and the table, and violently assaulting the grandfather's clock, I reached the door, and after an ineffectual fumble or two, I had laid hold of the handle and tugged vehemently at it. But the door withstood my most strenuous attempts to open it, and abruptly though unwillingly I came to the conclusion that I was locked in.

Thoroughly awakened by this discovery, I groped my way to the window, determining to make my escape through it without waiting to go through the ceremony of saying good-bye to my hostess. Just as I succeeded in unbarring and opening the window, I remembered my valise which I had left on the settle when aroused. By the time I had got possession of this, a faint gray light stole in through the open window, and by its aid I made my way noiselessly to the wood-shed, where I had left my horse. My horse was gone!

There was another hut or shed within reach where they could have put him, so deeming that he had found the way to open the door, and had escaped on to the moor, I decided that the best course for me to take was to go in search of him. If I found him, and I should probably soon do so in the fast growing light I argued, I could come back and inquire my way on to Princes Town. If I failed to find him, I must come back to seek other means of moving on, for my pedestrain powers were of the weakest. In either case it was clearly needless for me to disturb the slumbering cottagers yet awhile.

I climbed up Heitor's highest point, and got a bird's-eye view of the country round but I could not see anything of my horse. I called aloud upon him, but as I did not know his name, and he did not know my voice, I was not greatly surprised at his not responding. Finally, after wearying myself in vain for an hour or two, I made my way back to the lonely house inside the high palings.

It was broad, bright daylight now, and the woman was moving briskly about her household duties, singing as she worked. She looked surprised, and I thought vexed, when I walked in, and told me at once that "she'd hoped I was well on to Princes Town by this time." But when I told her of my midnight disturbance and my missing horse, she looked grave and confused.

"My master and me never heard nothing in the night. To be sure, he sleeps heavy after market days, but I'm a light sleeper, and I never heard footfall of man or beast. Mayhap the cheese lay heavy—it does sometimes at night—and you took a nightmare for a noise?"

"Not having digested the cheese my account for the noise, as you say, but how about the horse?" I answered.

"Strayed!" she said concisely; and then I asked her if of her charity she would give me some breakfast, and ask her husband if he would drive me on to Princes Town.

"My husband's gone to his work an hour agone," she said, again favoring me with one of those earnest glances which had commanded my attention on the previous night.

"And what is his work?" I asked frivolously, for in reality I had no keen desire to gain information concerning the vocation of this unknown gentleman.

"It's hard enough," she muttered, turning away to spread the table-cloth.

"Takes him much from home does it?" I said cheerfully, for I thought that her sullen demeanor denoted wifely discontent at her lord's absence, and this reminded me of me how rapturously my own dear little wife at home in Bloomsbury would welcome me back to the safety of my west central home, after these wild experiences at Dartmoor.

"If you stayed here to see him before he went out you could have asked him that yourself, master," she said curtly but not uncivilly, and I took the speech and manner as indications of her desire to give all her attention to her household labors.

I ate my breakfast—which meal was a duplicate of my supper minus the cheese—in silence, and then rose to go.

"You can't lend me a horse and cart, or drive me on to Princes Town or any part of the way, I suppose?" I said, as I opened my valise to find a suitable coin to offer her in payment for the shelter and food she had given.

"I can't, master." She spoke impatiently, and was opening the door with the evident intention of speeding the parting guest, when I cried out:

"My purse is gone! I've been robbed of a ring. What's the meaning of this?" I added the last words in undisguised rage and dismay, as I found that not only my purse but my diamond ring was gone.

"Don't ask me the meaning of it," she said, dauntlessly advancing towards me. "How do I know that you had either purse or ring? You came here unasked, and I gave you the best I had, and you stole out of my house like a thief in the night, and now you come back with a story about having been robbed of your

purse and ring. Take care, master! My husband isn't at home I know as well as you do; but I'm no timid lone woman to be frightened by your bluster. You clear out of this at once, or I'll help you out."

She need not have assured me that she was "no timid lone woman," for my declaration that I had "been robbed" seemed to have transformed her into a virago of a most aggressive type.

"Nice thanks I should get from my husband if he know that in return for my giving a stranger, who'd no right to ask it, shelter from the weather for the night, his house got a bad name, and his wife was as good as called a thief," she vociferated; and when I expostulated, and attempted to protest that I really had been robbed—though I didn't for an instant suspect her of being guilty of the foul deed—she grew so loud and boisterous that I was glad at last to escape from her house and her tongue, and without a guide or any instruction, to try and make my way to some haunt of men.

After many a weary hour's walking, I knew not whither, I came to Princes Town, and there, to a police official summoned at my request by the landlord of the hotel, I told the story of my last night's lodging and my losses.

"We must be back upon them without any delay with a couple of constables," he said, and presently I found myself in a dog-cart behind a fast horse, in company with three arms of the law, bowling rapidly back on the road I had recently traversed on foot, as far as I could remember it.

"As for Heitor," the constable said, "there's no beacon or hill of that name on Dartmoor, so far as I know. I think the hedger must have been in the swim, sir," but I scoffed at this suggestion, avowing truthfully that it had never been my lot to see a more innocent or stupid yokel.

It was late in the afternoon when I managed to guide them to the lonely house inside the high palings. The same woman opened the door to us as had sped me stormily in the morning. She looked surprised when she saw my companions, but neither alarmed nor annoyed, and the tone in which she called back to her husband, "Here, Dick, here's the gentleman I told you on, come back with the bobbies," was distinctly cheerful and amused.

In a moment Dick himself came forward, awkward, but smiling and friendly. He seemed a cross between a farmer and a gamekeeper, I thought, judging from his leggings and brown velveteen coat.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, addressing the constable. "My missus has been telling me that when I went to bed last night, with a glass of hot grog inside me, she was silly enough to let a stranger in. You're he, I s'pose," he asked, abruptly turning to me.

I confessed myself at once, and he went on sneeringly:

"I've found your horse for you—'twas grazing as quiet as a lamb not ten yards from my spinny. You're welcome to search for your watch, or whatever 'tis you've lost."

"I don't for a moment suspect your wife or you——" I stammered, but he broke in upon my apology with a coarse laugh, and bidding the policemen search and be quick about it, he went back to to his supper.

They searched the house thoroughly, but though upstairs they found one or two things that seemed unaccountably out of place in that habitation, they did not, it is almost needless to say, find either my purse or my diamond ring. I left the house firmly believing that I should never gain any clue to their disappearance, or cast eyes upon the master or the mistress of that lonely house again.

Before I parted with the policemen, and took my solitary way on my regained horse again, I heard one man say to the other, "Chap don't look much fit for a bedroom as that, does he?"

"No! and he don't look much as if a light overcoat was the thing he'd go to market in. But lor, bless you! these fellows that go about the country horse-dealing, pick up notions from their betters."

"Is that man a horse-dealer?" I asked, and they told me "a sort of one." He owned a number of Dartmoor ponies, and made a pretty penny by them at South Brent Fair every year.

"That's where I've seen him, and I've always heard he never came about here till about Brent Fair time," the other man said indifferently.

Then they bid me good day, and we went our respective ways, for I had decided not to go back to Princes Town, but to make my way to a nearer railway station, at which by leaving my horse in pawn, I might raise funds enough to carry me back to town.

As I rode along, "Dick's resemblance to some one I had seen very lately haunted me, but it was till I had been some hours in the train that I grasped the fleeting fancy, and held it tightly till my memory verified it.

"Dick" and my stupid informant the "hedger" were either twins—or one!

* * * * * *

Two years passed away, and though I had communicated my suspicions to the local police, nothing had come of their efforts to identify my men, or recover my lost property. The lonely house was lonelier than ever, I heard, by reason of being uninhabited, and no trace could be found of the gentleman who had accosted me in the livery stable yard, of the hedger who had laid down his pickaxe in order to misdirect me, or of "Dick," the owner of the Dartmoor ponies.

I had almost forgotten my adventure, never giving a thought to it indeed, save on those occasions when my wife sadly bemoaned the loss of that fine diamond ring which she had always declared ought to have adorned her finger.

Ascot was near at hand; and dining one night with the one friend in our circle who drove a drag, and had a couple of teams of good horses, the conversation turned on the various ways in which we were going.

"Go with me, Mrs. Elliot," our host said to my wife. "I can't offer you the box seat, for that's promised to Mrs. Frank Willoughby; but if you two will join us," he went on, looking at her, "we shall be as jolly a party as there will be on the course."

We accepted the invitation, and I idly asked, "And who is the favored Mrs. Frank Willoughby?"

"It's difficult to say, Mr. Elliot," my friend's wife chimed in. "Mrs. Frank Willoughby is the wife of Mr. Frank Willoughby, who is a very charming summer friend of ours, a this summer's friend I would have you understand. He's very amusing, and she's very petty, and they have a delicious little house in Palace Gardens Terrace, and give dear little dinners, and—that's about all I can tell you about them."

"Willoughby's an awfully clever fellow," our host took up the strain of praise enthusiastically, "a first-rate mimic—would run Corney Grain or George Grossmith hard if he went in for that kind of thing in public."

"I've heard that said of several other fellows," I remarked, "and I've generally found that I should be rather sorry for them if they did go in for that kind of thing in public."

"Oh! but Mr. Willoughby really is clever: quite as good as a professional," the lady of the house said eagerly. "You should see him flap his arms like wings, and cluck and call like a hen——"

"I think he's better as the obliging man at the picnic, who mixes the salad with champagne, and pours out a brimmer of Lucca oil for the local beauty to drink," some one chimed in.

"Undoubtedly his best thing is the west country peasant," our host said decidedly, "but you must meet him at dinner here one night, Mrs. Elliot, he won't have scope enough on the top of the drag."

There was a little more conversation about him, all of which went to prove that Mr. Frank Willoughby was one of those genial geniuses who are pronounced to be "decided acquisitions to every circle," and when we went home that night my wife and I congratulated ourselves and each other on the opportunity so soon to be given us of "knowing the Willoughbys."

* * * * * *

As I mounted the drag on the Ascot day, I saw that the box seat was occupied by a lovely young woman in a dress, the sublime simplicity of which must have cost her husband about as much as I allow my wife to dress on for the whole year. But the wearer of the dress was lovely enough to deserve anything she desired, and when I was introduced to her, and found she was Mrs. Frank Willoughby, I looked round with something like envy in my usually well-regulated married heart, for the happy man who owned her.

As my eyes travelled over three or four unknown faces and forms, they fell upon a white, well-formed strong hand, on the fourth or little finger of which sparkled!—yes, I could swear it!—my diamond ring! In another moment I was looking recognizingly into the eyes of the gentleman who had beguiled my spare hour at Plymouth with his graceful and incisive criticisms on the men, pictures, and books of light and leading of the day.

It was all revealed to me now! The accomplished gentleman who could "do" a poultry-yard or Devonshire peasant with equal facility was none other than the "hedger" and "Dick."

The horses proved unruly, and we started before I could make up my mind what to do. He appeared to be quite unconscious and at ease; but I resolved to tax him with the robbery, and give him in charge as soon as I could do so without creating a scene. Meanwhile I kept my eyes on the white hand, whereon flashed the diamond ring, with such persistency, that at last he leisurely drew a pair of gloves from his pocket and put them on.

Meanwhile his beautiful wife on the box kept up a lively stream of badinage, and I wondered what had become of the coarse, big, handsome woman who had lived in the lonely house on the moor with her husband "Dick."

I took an opportunity of apprising my friend on whose drag we were, of what happened, and what would happen, soon after we reached the course. He was shocked, of course, and incredulous, but I knew that I was not mistaken; and so, when I saw a detective whom I knew, in plain clothes, at a little distance, I went off to secure his services.

I was not absent five minutes, but when I returned to the drag Mr. and Mrs. Frank Willoughby had left it.

"They'll be back in a minute," my friend explained rather anxiously, "his wife's mother passed on with some friends and though they tried to attract her attention, she didn't see them, so they've run after her. They'll be back directly; but I say, old fellow, I'm sure your mistaken! Willoughby can't be the man you want!"

"We shall see," I said, but, confidently as I spoke, "we have not seen." Whether they are still pursuing his vanishing mother-in-law, or whether they lost their way and missed the drag, or whether, as is more likely, they retired from fashionable life while they could do so with comfort, is not known. But certain it is that from that day to this we have never set eyes on either Mr. or Mrs. Frank Willoughby, or my diamond ring!

# Fraulein Wilderhein.

BY I. L.

THE SUN streamed down a cloudless sky; bird and beast had crept silenced into woods and thickets; flowers drooped their pretty heads from drought; no breeze nor breath of wind stirred the air, and the whole earth lay parched and baking under the brazen, burning heavens. Heated labor was in full swing in the schoolroom where Fraulein Wilderhein presided.

Who, in looking back, ever remembers lessons in cold weather. There were, I suppose—there must have been—bitter frosty days when one studied Colenso and Otto; when one learnt the highest mountains and the longest rivers, and wrote lists of dates. But in our memories it is only the hot sultry hours that live, and make us believe at last that that knowledge which now so eminently distinguishes us was gained in a kind of volcanic glow.

Work was in full swing. Ethel, at the old tinkling piano, cheerily rattled out at full speed a funeral march of Chopin's, giving it even a merry sound. Billie, having failed to convince his governess that he had no need for arithmetic, because he always intended to pay ready money when he grew up, unobtrusively squeaked his pencil up and down his slate in a corner, and drew pictures on it with moistened thumbs.

Little Evelyn, with the look of impenetrable idiotcy she assumed as she entered the schoolroom, sat with "The Pet Lamb" before her, the book covered with tears, dirty marks, and little crosses, which marked her weary progress.

"The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,
I heard a voice, it said, 'Drink, pretty creature, drink!'"

For two years this had formed part of her allotted task.

Poppy had herself decreed that reading aloud was part of a lady's education, and she gabbled breathlessly through one of Scott's novels, the heated Fraulein coming heavily after her, pointing with a lead pencil along the lines. Tilla, flushed, with her chair tilted back at an acute angle, which only long practice could achieve, declaimed from a book illustrated with dirty little ink pictures, drawn as a slight recreation in the midst of harder labors.

All round the margin were scattered little skeletons, little men fighting and running, frightful out-of-drawing ladies, extraordinarily formed babies with huge heads, hideous pictures of Tilla in her Sunday frock, and Fraulein as a child; hearts with arrows sticking in them, labelled "Pierced Hearts," and tumble-down huts ticketed, "Peaceful Cots."

In the beginning Tilla's name was written in blood with a match, and her address given as, "Till Gray, the Beautiful, England, Europe, The World, Universe." Also her genealogical table, beginning with Adam and going down to Noah, through Abel, taking a jump to William the Conqueror, and, with Charles I. as a kind of stepping-stone, arriving at "Tilla the Beautiful."

Every now and then this young person lost her precarious balance, and with a scream tumbled backwards, chair and all, against the tall fender. Fraulein, or one of her sisters, would pull her up by the leg, and unabashed she pursued her studies. Tilla had a studious turn; also a profound distrust of her preceptress's capabilities. Fraulein banged furiously on the table with her closed fist, and screamed excitedly whenever asked to expound any point—a habit which engendered distrust, and prevented the lucid explanation of any difficulty.

Tilla therefore carried on her education in a method of her own—with which she would brook no interference—by means of a French and a Germany key, and an entirely new and wonderful stytem of arithmetic she had invented for herself, by which each sum took exactly a week to do.

There was still a sixth pupil, who at that moment lay panting flat on her face under the bed in her own room. This was not, as might have been supposed, a new method of torture invented by her teacher, neither did the sixth pupil altogether voluntarily choose this way of spending a long hot summer's afternoon.

The matter stood thus: When Fraulein's pupils became too outrageously naughty she sent them out of the schoolroom, and when their father met the refractory pupils outside he punished them. If, however, he did not happen to fall in with his disobedient offspring, all went well, and the most unlikely place to meet one's father was under the bed.

The windows stood wide open—a sign of excessive heat; for only the most sultry weather would induce Fraulein Wilderhein to open them even a chink. They were generally tightly closed, with a red flannel bag—made by Fraulein's own hand—carefully laid across them, to exclude every draught. Pools of water lay on the floor, which had been watered by some scholar, who had conceived this brilliant plan of making the apartment cooler when Fraulein had not been in the room.

There were signs about that the little Grays were not always at this hard work. If anyone had lifted the chairs they would have found a tin-tack nailed in the exact middle of each leg of every chair. This was no Masonic mark, but the work of one rainy afternoon, when they shood every chair and smashed six in the process. Those pots and jars by the window were not, as might at first be supposed, a collection of mud pies, but bulbs which the young Grays were growing with great pains.

If anyone had pushed over the footstool, they would have found underneath the hideous picture of a young man burnt with a red poker; if the cupboard door had been open, more portraits on the door—done in ink this time—would have been seen; that is to say, if portrait is the right word for that simple form of art where two straight lines stand for the nose and mouth, two dots for the eyes, and a large cracked round for the head; and a huge label shows whom the drawing is meant to represent.

The soi-disant funeral march, the squeaking of the slate pencil, and the gabbling of the reader, went on, and it grew hotter. Suddenly Evelyn broke into revolt.

"I won't learn any more about the silly pet lamb," she cried; "it's a wretched animal!"

She received a bad mark blithely, for she knew she herself by-and-by would lay the mark-book on her father's table, taking care that the page with the bad mark was shut, and the only sheet where good was written wide open. Out of this one good mark she made great capital, showing it up regularly every evening, and the rest of her black record was never discovered to her unsuspecting parent.

Five o'clock—books were put away.

Only Tilla stayed a few minutes to wrangle over a translation of hers, which began—"A sinister sneer rose up from the tomb."

"But it does not mean anything," her teacher suggested.

"It is a translation," replied Tilla doggedly

"But it is nonsence," continued Fraulein, almost weeping.

"I can't help it. I did not write it."

Tilla consented, after much arguing, to change "a sinister sneer" to "a sinister sneerer," but further than that she would not go.

The preceptress powdered her nose, grown rather pink, remarking, with simple craft, "That, next to washing one's hands, powdering one's nose was the most refreshing thing in the world!"

Schoolroom tea was brought in. Poor Fraulein! She had seen so many schoolroom teas. Oh, the bread and butter of one's childhood! How horrid it is in hot weather!

The children gave a faint hurrah when the schoolroom maid brought in a dish of "Singing Hennies," delicacies made of little lumps of baked pastry sprinkled with currants.

Fraulein sat at one end of the table and dispersed fried chumps—a dish, I believe, never seen anywhere but at schoolroom teas. Tilla sat at the top, and poured out weak tea from the pewter pot. It was rather difficult for everybody to squeeze round the table at the same time, and oh, so hot! Seats were rather few, so Poppy had the music-stool, and Tilla sat on the arm of the big armchair.

Outside, the blue sky was changing to a pale gold, and the air was cooling ever so little. Alice, the elder daughter of the house, looked in. She was going to her first party that night, and came to show her dress.

Radiant and lovely, all the world, she thought, lay before her. No sorrow had crossed her path. Fraulein patted her kindly on the back with her thin old hand, and hoped she would enjoy herself. Yet she sighed a little. She had known nothing but dull drudgery and unhappiness herself. The schoolroom party prepared for their evening walk.

"Good-bye, Fraulein," said Alice; and the bright young creature went away singing a German rhyme.

* * * * * *

Down the long dusty lane nature had decked the hedges as if for the passing of a royal procession. Pink and white wild roses, with bright gold crowns, nodded and waved, spreading out little delicate arms covered with blossoms. Clustering of their flowers and blushing buds clung to the thorn, and entwined long trailing sprays with sweet-scented honeysuckle. Scarlet poppies grew along the bank, staring up with bold, beautiful eyes, and ripening corn rustled in the fields behind the hedge.

Fraulein saw none of these things. She was looking at her boots, wondering if they would last until Christmas, and going over a dreadful compound sum which haunted her day and night: so much squeezed from her salary each year, so much interest from the Savings Bank—would it keep her when she could work no more?

A cart, driven by a man none too sober, came swiftly round the corner.

"Come up here!" called her pupils from the bank.

"Hi, hi!" shouted the man.

"Ah!" cried Fraulein, very flurried, running undecidedly to one side. She then shrieked, running back again, the cart almost upon her. The man jerked his reins, the horse sprang forward, and she lay senseless in the white dust, with both legs broken. She was carried home.

* * * * * *

"Have you any relation you would like written to?" the doctor asked her kindly before he left.

Fraulein shook her head.

"I have no relations."

"Any friends?"

"I have no friends," she said faintly; and then called him back as he was leaving. "There is enough money in the bank to pay for my funeral," she whispered eagerly. "I have saved enough."

"Come, come; you will be as well as ever in a little while."

But when the birds began to twitter in the ivy next morning, and the sun rose a splendid ball of fire, it shone in at the window on Fraulein's dead face, a smile on her patient lips, her thin long hands crossed meekly on her breast.

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Red Sunsets and Fine Weather.—The reason for the red sunset indicating a fine day to come is because the amount of vapor floating in the air refracts the beams of the sun and more freely transmits the red rays of light than the colored rays. It is the degree of moisture in the atmosphere which affects the refraction of the light; and where the red rays of evening are freely transmitted the amount of moisture does not approach the rain point, and therefore promises the following day to be fine.

# Told by a Rose.

BY A. L. P.

I WAS once a beautiful blush rose—now an old and brown and withered; and since I have lost my youth and my beauty, and have been removed from the pleasures of the sunlit garden which was my first home, a desire has come upon me to tell the story of my life, so that when my faded petals shall have crumbled into dust, something will remain whereby I may remembered.

My earliest recollections are very happy ones. I dwelt within the gates of a peaceful garden, and grew upon a tree which had long been celebrated for the beauty of its roses. At first I thought about nothing but my fellow-rosebuds; and I danced and played with them in the sunshine the live-long summer's day. But as I grew older I began to notice the men and women who came into the garden, and to wonder at the strangeness of their ways. And especially I noticed a young girl, whom the others called Eileen; she was so pretty and fresh, and the bloom on her cheeks was so soft and pink, that I almost thought she must be one of us.

Sometimes she was alone; and then she sang to herself in a voice that was sweeter than the lark's when he raised his morning hymn, and softer than the brook's when it babbled over the snow-white pebbles; and sometimes a man was with her—a man named Sidney, older and graver than herself—who reminded me of the sombre yew tree as Eileen reminded me of the summer roses.

Like the yew he was sad and gloomy, yet seemed to guard and shelter all who were around him; and I felt that, like the yew, he would always be the same, and would be as ready to screen and shelter in the stormy hours as on the sunny days; for I had learned from the ivy, which surrounded me on the garden wall, that in the dreary winter time the yew tree tenderly protected from the cruel blast the snowdrops and crocuses which grew at his foot, whilst the other trees flung their leafless arms about in utter anguish, and were too much engrossed by their own desolation to heed the sorrows of the poor little flowers.

It often happened that Eileen and her lover sat together on a garden seat just below me; and I used to smile as I heard her merry voice bewitching and flouting the grave, sad man. But when Sidney told her how he loved her, and how hopeless his love was because of his poverty, a dewy tear drop gathered on my petals and fell upon an ivy leaf beneath—so sad at heart was I for that grave, good man. Whatever he said Eileen always laughed; and her laughter was so sweet that Sidney could not be angry with her, but gradually lent himself to her mood; and she rippled along like a chattering river at the foot of a changeless rock.

Then the great even came to pass which altered the whole current of my life. Eileen was going to a ball, and I—with several of my comrades—was gathered to adorn her beauty. What a change from the sunny garden to the gaslit ballroom! At first I was charmed with the music and the splendor, and pitied those roses which had been left behind on the tree; but after a while I grew weary of the blaze and the babble, and longed to be back in the sunlit garden again; but, alas! something told me that I and the dear old life had parted for ever.

Eileen, however, never seemed to tire, or to waste a thought on the happy bygone days. She was admired and courted and flattered to her hearts' content; and she danced nearly the whole evening with a handsome young soldier, whom I did not like in spite of his youth and beauty; he reminded me somehow of the rich red poppies, which look so brave and gay, but yet have the poison of asps hidden under their scarlet lips.

Sidney was there sadder than ever. Eileen flouted him more than usual, and this time he did not smile at her gaiety, but reproached her for her cruelty. Just as she was leaving him for another dance with the handsome stranger, Sidney said—"Give me one rose, Eileen, just for the old love's sake."

Eileen seized me—who was so tired and weary—and replied—

"You can have this nasty one; it is fading already and spoils the look of my dress, but I can't spare you a nicer one."

Sidney took me tenderly and whispered: "I would rather have the faded rose, Eileen; it will be dearer to me than the fresh ones, as you—when you grow old and faded—will be ten times dearer to me than even you are now."

Eileen laughed and went off with her partner; and Sidney kissed my drooping leaves, and then put me carefully away in his pocket book.

After the ball a long and dreary time followed for me. I was shut up in a dark place among a few old letters, which I discovered had been written by Eileen some time ago; but the letters were poor company, for the love which had dictated them was dead, and I felt as if I were living among ghosts.

Now and again Sidney would take us all out, read the letters, and kiss me fondly; and then put us back in the darkness once more. I noticed that every time this happened, Sidney looked thinner and paler and sadder than before, and the hand in which he held me grew as white and transparent as a rose leaf. By this time I had lost every trace of beauty, and was old and brown and withered; but in spite of this I was still counted among Sidney's choicest treasures.

One day a slip of paper—announcing the marriage of Sir Lancelot Trevor to Eileen Gray—was slipped into the leather case which held the letters and me; and then I remembered that at the ball Eileen had spoken of her handsome partner—the man who was so like the cruel scarlet poppies—as Sir Lancelot Trevor. After this there was no more coming out of the case for the letters and me, to be read and kissed as of yore; but we were left in darkness and silence for a long, long time.

At last it came to pass that a strange hand opened the pocket book, and the yellowing paper and the faded rose saw the light once more. I had no idea who the stranger was that had thus disturbed our repose, but I heard him say, in a broken voice—

"Poor old Sid! These things had better be buried with him."

And so I saw Sidney again, but not as I used to know him. He seemed to be lying asleep, but his face was whiter than the whitest lily in the dear old garden at home; and there was a look of peace upon it that it had never worn before.

Now I am in his still, cold hand, waiting to go down into the darkness with him. But I am not sorrowful. It is better to be in the stillness and silence with Sidney than in the glare and glitter with Eileen; and I cannot help pitying her for her folly and feeling that the worthless, withered rose has chosen a better part than the handsome, heartless woman; for I remember some lines that I once heard Sidney read to Eileen in the sunlit garden in the olden days:—

"What might I not have made of Thy world
Had I but loved Thy highest creature here?
* * * * * * *
We needs must love the highest when we see it,
Not Lancelot nor another."

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When Most Attractive.—The question of woman's most attractive age was recently discussed by an artist, an author, and a woman of society.

The artist said he did not like to paint the portraits of those between the ages of twenty-five and forty years. Before twenty-five, the face has an expectancy which charms. It is looking forward with joyous freshness and hope, and it is full of puzzling promises. At forty years the character is formed, and the lines of the countenance are stronger in the painter's study; but in the intervening years the face has lost its expectancy, is apt to be indifferent, and has no particular interest.

The author differed. He liked to study women between the ages of thirty and forty. They had then the experience of the world and the joyousness of youth. In those years they were brightest and most interesting.

The society woman thought that it was impossible to give general answers to the question, as individual women differ in regard to the most attractive age. Some are most charming at sixty years, while others have passed their prime at twenty. At thirty or upwards, the best nature of a woman will show to every advantage, but probably the balance of opinion turns in favor of eighteen to twenty-five.

Taking everything into consideration, the best answer would be that women are always interesting to the friends who love them.

## AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A few days ago J. L. Heath, a reputable farmer near Marshall, Ind., while removing clover hay from a mow, uncovered a live hen which he claims had been there since last June, when the hay was stored. There was no possible chance for the fowl to have crawled into the place where found, after it was once closed. The hen was full grown, of the Plymouth Rock variety, and weighed a pound and one-half when found. She is now beginning to walk and is doing well.

The Episcopal Church in England has 43 Bishops and 24,000 other clergymen; in the United States, 61 Bishops and 3980 clergymen; in Ireland, 13 Bishops and 1867 other clergymen, and in Canada, 34 Bishops and 1300 other clergymen; in Asia, 13 Bishops and 713 other clergymen; in Africa, 13 Bishops and 350 other clergymen; in Australia, 21 Bishops and 280 other clergymen, and in Scotland, 17 Bishops and 280 other clergyman; in scattered dioceses, 9 Bishops and 120 clergymen—a grand total of 180 Bishops and 32,729 other clergymen.

The more fully we come to understand the heart and life of anyone, his motives and his aims, his purposes and plans, the more mysteries we discover. So the more we know of ourselves, the more we find that is inexplicable and contradictory. Let anyone who thinks he has fathomed his own nature and sounded its depths watch his daily life closely and he will find a thousand fractures in the smooth and comprehensive ideal he has imagined to himself. He will be surprised at a heroism of which he had not thought himself capable, or he will be shocked at some meanness which he had supposed impossible, here he will discern marks of an ability of which he had not dreamed, and there he will pause in wonder to see how far short he falls of his own intentions.

The wild horses that roamed over Europe in immense herds appear to have furnished the chief food of early man in Europe. Enormous refuse heaps, consisting mainly of the bones of wild horses, have been found outside of the caves, as in those at the foot of Mount Pellegrino, near Palermo, where the floor is formed of a magma of the bones of wild horses, which were either stalked with spears, driven by the hunters into pitfalls, or chased over the cliffs. Similar deposits have been found at the cave of Thayngen, in Switzerland, and in front of the rock shelter at Solutre, near Macon, where there is a vast deposit, the relics of the feasts of these savages, nearly 10 feet in thickness, and more than 300 feet in length, composed entirely of the bones of horses, and comprising the remains of from 20,000 to 40,000 individuals.

Probably the oldest known specimens of recorded language in the world to-day are the inscriptions on the clay cylinders and brick stamps found at Nuffer by the Babylonian Exploration Expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, which has recently returned. The brick stamps, which are of yellow clay, about four inches square and an inch in thickness, bear the name and titles of King Sargon and his son Naram Sin, who lived about 3800 B.C., and they were taken from the mound which covers the site of ancient Nippur, with its famous temple of Baal. The expedition also found many other objects of interest, such as clay tablets containing contracts, lists of goods, temple accounts, art fragments and images sold by the temple fakirs. These throw much light on the history of the people, as compared to that of the kings, and the work of the expedition carries Babylonian records back a thousand years, to a time of which practically nothing had hitherto been known. The antiquities found are now in the University Museum.

In Paris the common public schools are provided with medical cases, and instructions are given for the use of the remedies. This precaution should be introduced into some of the schools in this country, if the present state of affairs is to continue much longer. The city of Malden adds the latest chapter to the drama of barbarism that is daily being acted in every place where teachers are allowed to punish school children whenever and in whatever manner they may please. The case will astonish many who imagine that our school system is yet thoroughly civilized. It appears by the statement of the teacher, as reported, that, having determined that two of his pupils deserved punishment, he armed them with rattans and commanded them to beat each other. The boys did not lay on the blows hard enough, and it was in his attempt to show them how to thrash each other that he made the mistake of striking too severely. It is difficult to imagine how such conduct on the part of the teacher in the public schools can be tolerated in any New England community. The fact of excessive punishment by the teacher himself might be excused as an accident, if the barbarism which sets two school children belaboring each other with rods is utterly inconceivable in connection with intelligent morality.

# Our Young Folks.

## THAT MYSTERIOUS KETTLE.

BY E. K.

KITTY will always believe that it was a fairy kettle, whatever anyone else may say; and everyone agreed that it certainly was a mysterious kettle.

To begin with, nobody in the village knew where it came from, and to end with, nobody in the village—but this is not the right way to tell the story.

The mysterious kettle first appeared one market day—the very market day that Kitty had been left by her mother in charge of the house, for the first time in her life.

Of course, Kitty felt very proud and very important. Her head was full of all the wonderful things she would do as she ran across the field to fetch some water from the spring, after she had said "Good-bye" to her mother—the house should be so tidy, and the dinner so well cooked, and her mother would be so pleased, and ——but all her plans went out of her head when she saw something lying on its side in the grass near the spring; and, as you will guess, the something was—the big kettle. Kitty picked it up and looked at it.

"It isn't Mrs. Harper's kettle," she said to herself—"that has a crooked spout. It isn't Mrs. Barber's—hers isn't as big. I don't believe it is Mrs. Simpson's or Mrs. Wilson's; and it isn't ours, for mother is going to get a new one at the market this morning."

Kitty put the kettle down on the ground, and looked at it admiringly. It was certainly very big, and it looked very strong.

"If it is nobody's," she said, "we might just as well have it, and not buy a new one. I'll stop mother and tell her."

But although she ran very quickly across the field and down the road, her mother was out of sight, and after climbing a gate and tearing her dress, she walked slowly back to the spring.

This time four children were gathered round it, and Kitty could hear their voices long before she reached them.

"It does hold a lot, doesn't it?" said one of the children, who was pouring water into the kettle.

Kitty walked more quickly.

"They've found the kettle," she said. "That's Janie Barter. Never mind, she shan't have it. I'm quite sure it isn't her kettle."

"Yes, won't mother be pleased?" said another child, who was filling her jug at the spring.

"You mean, my mother will be pleased," said Janie. "It will be our kettle, because I found it."

"Yes," said Janie's small sister, who was sitting on the grass nursing her doll, and watching the proceedings.

Kitty ran quickly up to the children.

"It's my kettle, Janie Barter," she said.

"Yours?" cried two of the children.

"Yours?" cried Janie. "Why, you told me yesterday afternoon that the handle of yours was broken, and that your mother was going to buy a new one."

"But I found this one before you did," said Kitty. "I was here long before you. I left my jug when I ran to tell mother about it."

The jug was certainly lying on the ground, and the four children looked at it doubtfully.

"I'll go and ask mother," said Janie.

"And I'll go and ask my mother," said another child.

"I should think you had all better put on your shoes and stockings," said Kitty, "before your mothers see you."

Janie looked very scornful.

"We are careful, and didn't want to get our boots wet," she said; "and you'll find your old kettle holds a great deal of water. I expect it's one that somebody has thrown away."

"Kitty always says everything is hers," said one of the children.

"Well, the water isn't hers, anyhow," said another; and she upset the kettle, and ran across the field, followed by the others.

Kitty did not look very pleased as she watched the children run away.

"They are all very cross," she said; "and I hope their mothers will scold them for running about with nothing on their feet. I'll soon fill the kettle, and then I'll go and ask old Mrs. Harper about it. Perhaps I ought not to take it—perhaps it is somebody's."

It was a big kettle, but Kitty was surprised to find how much water it held. However many times she filled her jug, and poured it into the kettle, it always looked as if it would hold more.

"It is a queer kettle," said Kitty at last, "the more water I put in, the more it seems to hold. I don't think I will fill it quite; it will make me so late. I'll hide it, and then I'll go to Mrs. Harper."

But in moving the kettle, nearly all the water was spilled, and Kitty had to re-fill it once more before she could set off to talk over her troubles with Mrs. Harper.

Without stopping to knock at Mrs. Harper's door, Kitty lifted the latch and walked in. The old lady was bending over the fireplace, holding something in her hands.

"Oh, Mrs. Harper!" began Kitty, knocking down a broom in her hurry.

Mrs. Harper turned round quickly, startled, and dropped the something, which fell on the hearth with a loud crash.

"Kitty, Kitty!" cried Mrs. Harper, "that's one of my best plates."

"I'm so sorry," said Kitty, looking very unhappy.

"You ought to have knocked at the door, you naughty child!" said Mrs. Harper. "One of my best plates."

"It's all that old kettle," said Kitty, feeling very much inclined to cry. "I've quarreled with Janie Barter, and I've made you break your plate—and it holds so much water—and—oh dear! oh dear! I believe a bad fairy left it by the spring. I believe it's a fairy kettle."

"Fairy kettle," cried Mrs. Harper, "by the spring! That's nonsense! First of all, there are no fairies; and if there were, what would they want with kettles? What are you talking about?"

But whatever she might say, she was a kind old lady, and when she heard Kitty's story she wrapped her shawl around her, and set off to look at the kettle. They found quite a crowd standing round the spring—Janie Barter, Janie's small sister, and Janie's mother, and the two other little girls, with their mothers—all of them, of course, busy talking about the mysterious kettle, which Janie's sharp eyes had discovered in its hiding-place.

"It isn't at all a bad kettle," said one of the women "but the point is, how did it get here, and whose is it?"

"My Janie found it," said Mrs. Barter.

"But it must belong to someone," said the other woman.

"It belongs to me," said Kitty. "I found it first."

"Oh well! we shall see about that," said Mrs. Barter.

"Why, she won't want it," said Janie, "her mother is going to buy one this morning."

The church clock struck twelve. Kitty started: her mother would be coming home.

She snatched the kettle out of Janie's hand, and would have run off with it, but Janie caught hold of her frock. The gathers, torn already on the gate, gave way; Kitty stumbled and fell on the ground, right on top of the big kettle.

Then there was the greatest confusion—Kitty screamed, so did Janie's sister, and the four women and three girls all tried to pick Kitty up.

None noticed that a newcomer had joined the group, and everyone looked astonished when a voice said, "Why, Kitty, what is the matter?"

It was Kitty's mother, returned home from market, to find an untidy house and a very dirty and untidy little daughter.

Kitty held out the kettle and burst out crying; and when her mother turned to ask Mrs. Barter what was the cause of all the trouble, only old Mrs. Harper was left to tell the tale: the other women and children had all crept away.

Perhaps they were feeling rather ashamed of themselves, and perhaps—but anyhow they seemed to have lost all interest in the kettle.

What did Kitty's mother say? Well, she said a great deal, and when she and Kitty left the spring, the kettle was once more lying on its side on the ground, uncared for.

"Fairy kettle, indeed!" said old Mrs. Harper. "Gipsy kettle I should call it, and a hole in the bottom too, I expect."

Next morning when Janie and Kitty met at the spring to make friends again, Janie Barter had her boots on, and the kettle was no longer there—the mysterious kettle had disappeared.

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COURT FAVOR.—A gentleman who had been long attached to Cardinal Mazarin, and was much esteemed by that great minister, but little assisted in his finances by court favor, one day told Mazarin of his many promises and his dilatory performance. The cardinal, who had a great regard for the man, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and leading him into his library, explained to him the many demands made upon a person in his station as minister, and which it would be politic to satisfy previous to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the State. Mazarin's companion, not very confident in the minister's veracity, replied, "My lord, all the favor I expect at your hands is this, that whenever we meet in public you will do me the honor to tap me on the shoulder in the most unreserved manner." This request was at once acceded to, and in two or three years the friend of the cardinal became a wealthy man, on the credit of the minister's attention to him. Mazarin used to laugh, together with his confidant, at the folly of the world in granting their favor to persons on such slight security.

## LEGENDS OF SISTERS.

Many romantic stories, founded on the heroism and self-denying love of sisters, are current in different parts of the country, and form an interesting chapter in our traditionary history.

A pretty legend is told of the building of Linton Church, which is situated on a little knoll of fine sand widely different from the soil of the neighboring heights.

The story goes that, years ago, a young man killed a priest, and was condemned to death for murder and sacrilege. But, by the earnest intervention of his two sisters, his life was spared on condition that they should sift as much sand as would form a mound on which to erect a church. This task was readily undertaken by the two sisters, and eventually the church was built, although, it is added, one of the sisters died as soon as her brother was liberated, either from the effects of past fatigue or overpowering joy.

In a variety of ways, such acts of devotion are said to have been displayed, their memory surviving in the local legend.

The Glen of Ogilvy, a romantic spot in the Vale Strathmore, is the scene of the legend of the "Nine Maidens." It appears that, far away back in past years, this glen was the chosen residence of St. Donivald and his nine daughters. They lived in the glen "as in a hermitage, laboring the ground with their own hands, and eating but once a day, and then but barley water and bread."

On the death of St. Donivald, after a long life of incessant toil, the sisters removed to Abernethy, and, dying there, they were buried at the foot of a large oak, much frequented by pilgrims till the Reformation.

They were canoned as the "Nine Maidens," and many churches were dedicated to them throughout Scotland.

One of these churches was that of Strathmartine, Dundee, with which is connected the well-known tradition of the "Nine Maidens of Pitempan" being devoured by a serpent at the Nine Maiden Well in that parish.

Another story tells us how four young orphan sisters agreed to fill the five lancets in the north transept of York Cathedral with memorial glass, in patterns taken from their embroidery frames, which they had long laid aside for sorrow, in remembrance of a dead sister.

The story further adds that they are reported to have knelt and prayed, until, one by one, they passed away, and were laid in a common grave. Hence these lancets have been popularly designated the "Five Sisters."

But sometimes these sister legends commemorate tragic scenes enacted in past years. At Ballybunnion, situated within a few miles of Kerry Head, is a cavern which is known by the Irish peasantry as "the Cave of the Seven Sisters."

The scenery around is of the wildest description; and on the brink of one of the precipices formed by the rugged cliffs are the remains of an old castle said to have been inhabited by a gallant chieftain, the father of seven beautiful daughters. In an unlucky hour an attachment sprang up between these seven fair maidens and the captain and his six brothers belonging to a pirate ship.

The father's anger at his daughters falling in love with men whom he considered enemies to his country was unbounded, and admitted of no mercy.

One by one they were brought to the edge of the precipice, and were hurled into the foaming flood. What the fate of their lovers was the legend does not say.

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No religion that does not change a man's heart can change his life.

## THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

"Bridal outfits to rent" is inscribed on the sign of a New York tradesman.

Arrangements are being actually made to introduce street cars into Damascus.

Georgia has a mocking bird which can not only talk, but whistle almost any tune it hears.

There are said to be 673,643 Free Masons and 647,471 Odd Fellows in the United States.

A farmer of Adoniram, N. C., has not bought anything on credit for the last thirty years.

The school superintendents and teachers in this country receive $80,000,000 annually, it is said.

Electricity has been found to travel 288,000 miles per second, under favorable circumstances.

The total value of matches made yearly throughout the world represents a value of $185,000,000

Zylonite, an imitation of ivory, is so inflammable that knife handles made of it readily catch fire.

Among the public houses in London there are no less than 64 King's Arms, 33 Red Lions, 53 Crowns, and 47 White Harts.

In one of the public schools in New York city there are 710 pupils, all but ten of whom are of foreign birth and language.

William Felbage, of Boston, tried to open a bottle of ginger ale, when the cork flew out and destroyed the sight of his right eye.

Papier-mache oil cans, which are now being made, are very durable, and impervious to any spirit or oil likely to be used in a machine room.

An interesting wedding was lately celebrated in Linlithgow, Scotland. It was of a couple nearly 70 years of age, who had been lovers in their youth.

The latest in difficult names is the hæmoglobinometer, a German invention for ascertaining the relative or quantitative proportion of hæmoglobin in the blood.

Altars can now be rented for use at home weddings, but if a man has a large family of daughters it is cheaper to buy one at a church mortgage sale and keep it on hand.

A Hungarian journal quotes a list of 14 cases of suicide in a single regiment of engineers as proof of the bad treatment of the men by the officers of the Hungarian army.

The smallest pony in the world, it is claimed, is on the island of Bressay. It is a little colt foal, weighing but 16 pounds, and at the time of its birth was only 19¼ inches high.

On August 5th Mars will arrive at a point directly opposite the earth, which it reaches but once in every 15 years, when the distance will be reduced from 141,000,000 to 35,000,000 miles.

During last year 3741 bodies were cremated in France. Three new crematories were added to the number in Germany in 1891, and Italy has 20 crematories, several being movable ones.

A clergyman of Indianapolis, Ind., has entered upon a vigorous crusade against church fairs, grab bags, raffles and all other schemes to raise funds for church purposes in illegitimate ways.

The strength of shafts or bars of iron is, for bending and twisting strains, as the cubes of their diameter. Thus, a two-inch shaft is eight times as strong as a one-inch shaft; a three-inch shaft 27 times as strong.

A resident of Manville, N. Y., while hunting in Watervliet one day recently, was savagely attacked by three large screech owls. He received several bad cuts on the face and head before he was able to kill one and drive the other two away.

It is claimed that a double-yolked egg was hatched by a hen near Gettysburg, Pa., recently. The farmer was greatly amazed to find two little chicks grown together after the fashion of the Siamese twins. One of the chicks is said to be a hen and the other a cock.

Turkish young ladies are now taught the English language in the girls' school at Erqud Bazar, in Constantinople. The pupils are examined in the language by H. H. Munif Pasha, Minister of Public Instruction, author of an English grammar for use in Turkey. Some of the young ladies also play on the piano.

It is true that a generation has grown up since deep sea telegraph wires were first laid, but even those who have watched the successive steps in the development of ocean telegraphy may be surprised for a moment to learn that the submarine cables now in operation are long enough to form a coil which would go five times round the world.

When the Czar pays a little cousinly visit, Russia must have quite a tidy little bill of expenses to foot. On the occasion of his recent trip to Copenhagen the Russian railways were guarded by soldiers at every 20 yards, and 60,000 men were needed to cover the whole distance. All villages and towns near the lines were closely watched, and every stranger was compelled to give a good account of himself.

## DISILLUSION.

BY C. E. M.

Dost thou think the light wing'd swallow
Fails to fly the wintry snows?
Or that sun rays cease to follow
Where the singing river goes?
Dost thou think that rose leaves driven
By a gust of sudden rain—
Or the stars that fall from heaven—
Can be gathered up again?

Do the waves, when ocean rages,
Spent and broken reach the shore?
Blooms again the flower of ages
Once its radiant hour is o'er?
Dost thou seek the hues of dawning
In the evening's shadowy light?
Dost thou look for Love's fair morning
When Love's noon has turned to night?

Sooner will the light wing'd swallow
Fearless wait the wintry snows;
Sooner sunshine cease to follow
Where the singing river flows;
Sooner stars and roses falling
Rise again—the summer gone—
Than will Love come back for calling
When the day of Love is done.

## FASHIONS IN HEELS.

A venerable and persistent fashion in heels is the habit of wearing them high. Early shoes and boots would appear to have had very slight heels, if any at all; but when once the heels began to be made high and stilted, the fashion became firmly fixed, and has lasted to the present day.

It would be difficult to say exactly when high heels first appeared, but they were worn in England at least as long ago as the early part of the sixteenth century.

They reached this country from Venice, and the Venetians imported them from Turkey.

The Turkish original was a kind of pattern, worn, doubtless, to raise the wearer above the dirt.

In the plates to George Sandys' "Travels," a well-known seventeenth-century book, the Turkish women are represented wearing these chopines, or "chioppines," as writers called them.

In Venice, they were in very common use. They were made of wood, covered with leather of different colors, and were often curiously painted and sometimes gilt.

They were worn absurdly high, some being raised eighteen inches from the ground, the degree of nobility possessed by the lady-wearer being indicated by the height of the chopine.

On stilts of this kind, unassisted walking naturally became no easy task, and hence was seen the ridiculous spectacle of a lady supported on either side by attendants, when she went abroad, so that she might not fall.

The word "chopine" was supposed by our older writers to be of Italian origin, and was often spelt cioppino, and in the plural cioppini, as if a genuine Italian word. But, strangely enough, notwithstanding the fashion that undoubtedly prevailed at Venice, the word does not appear in Italian dictionaries. It is probably of Spanish origin.

The modern Spanish chapin means a clog with a cork sole. Hamlet alludes to these exalted patterns in his welcome to the playing when he says: "By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine."

This shows that the Venetian fashionable foot-wear was familiar to Elizabethan Englishmen; but its influence in the shape of high-heeled shoes had long before been felt in that country.

At the Tudor Exhibition, held recently in London, there were to be seen the shoes worn by Henry VIII. at the famous meeting of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. They were of velvet, beautifully embroidered, and had silver edges and pretty high heels. Some shoes worn by the unfortunate Anne Boleyn were also shown; and their heels were decidedly high.

Another exhibit was a pair of shoes formerly belonging to Queen Elizabeth, which she left at Northiam, in Sussex, where on one occasion she dined on the village green on her way to Rye. The heels of her majesty's shoes were very high.

In Elizabethan times corked shoes were much worn, the cork thickening towards the heel. In an old comedy, "The Fleire," printed in 1615, a lady who inquires, "Why the citizens weare all corkes in their shoes?" is told: "'Tis, Madam, to keep up the customs of the citie, only to be light-heeled."

During the reigns of Elizabeth's immediate successors heels increased in height. In King James' days, or in the early years of Charles's reign, before political troubles and civil war drove dandyism out of sight, and almost out of existence for many years, a fop delighted to exhibit his white silk stockings, embroidered with elaborate "clocks" in a variety of colors, above shoes with heels cut away at each corner and of portentous height.

About this time the ladies, too, got upon their stilts and took to chopines, for the eccentric John Bulwer, writing towards the middle of the century, denounces their adoption of this fashion, which, he says, is a monstrous affectation, imitated from the Venetian and Persian ladies.

After the Restoration, when dress once more became an absorbing pursuit with many a handsome cavalier, and the scented beaux sunned themselves and their love-locks in the Park, fashionable shoes rejoiced in long toes and heels that were still high. Ladies followed the same fashion.

In the time of George I. the beau or "smart" wore square-toed shoes with very small diamond buckles, a great flap on the instep, and high red heels. The speculative mania of 1720, the famous bubble year, produced a great crop of caricatures and satirical songs and prints. Many of these were collected in a folio volume published in Holland, and among them is a large engraving satirising generally the madness of speculators.

It represents Fortune being driven by Folly, her car being drawn by figures representing the chief bubble companies, from the South Sea and the Mississippi schemes downwards. The attire of Folly, the driver, gives us a complete picture of the female fashion of the day; it includes a great hoop petticoat, patches, and shoes with very high heels.

In France, throughout the eighteenth century, heels were worn very high. English writers forgot or were ignorant of the fact that this fashion had long prevailed in that country, and were accustomed to denounce it as an importation from France.

## Grains of Gold.

If faith were always equal, where would be its merit?

Sometimes we may learn more from a man's errors than from his virtues.

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.

Man, living, feeling man—is the easy sport of the overmastering present.

I have enjoyed the happiness of this world, I have lived and have loved.

No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth.

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character.

That which history can give us best is the enthusiasm which it raises in our hearts.

The silver-leaved birch retains in its old age a soft bark, there are some such men.

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.

For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

There is in every man a certain feeling that he has been what he is from all eternity, and by no means become such in time.

Such as is the character of thy habitual thoughts, such also will be the character of thy mind, for the soul is dyed in its thoughts.

We ought to regard books as we do sweetmeats, not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to consider the wholesomest; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most.

## Femininities.

Men do less than they ought unless they do all that they can.

The census returns show that in the entire State of Virginia the surplus of women is but 39.

Why are people who stutter not to be relied on?—Because they are always breaking their word.

John Hiatt, living near Richmond, Ind., is 88 years old. He and his wife have lived together 68 years.

The man who is telling his friends how nice it is to ride in the open car stops short as his hat blows overboard.

Miss Blossom: "I didn't see you at the Barclay ball." Miss Budd: "It was probably because I was surrounded by men all the time."

Belle: "When did you first suspect his inconstancy?" Blanche: "When I received his first letter." "Why? Was it cold?" "No; it was type-written."

Every piano should have a waterproof covering. If this cover is kept on while the young lady amateur is about, the instrument will last a very long time.

Hostess: "Mr. Bilious will take you in to dinner. He is a charming man, but a confirmed dyspeptic." Chicago girl: "Oh, how nice! He can do all the talking while I eat."

Amateur artist: "I should like to present the last picture I painted to some charitable institution; now which would you recommend?" Cruel lady friend: "The blind asylum."

A Chicago man recently saved his life by carrying a roll of one hundred dollar bills inside his vest when a bullet came that way. Yet there are people who neglect so simple a precaution.

Neighbor: "What is all that crying about over at your place?" Johnny Peastraw: "Willie pulled down a jug of molasses on himself in the pantry this morning and ma is combing his hair."

Clayton: "How do you like that typewriter I sent you? Is she accurate and careful enough?" Rawley: "No doubt of her being careful. She stops and asks me how to spell every word."

Mamma: "But, Flora, how do you know that this young man loves you? Has he told you so?" Flora: "Oh, no, mamma! But if you could only see the way he looks at me when I am not looking at him!"

A woman at St. Louis has been given a divorce because her husband took his dinner pail in the morning, put in the day drinking and then blackened his face and came home saying that he had been working.

A: "Why were you walloping your youngster so unmercifully just now?" B: "Why? The scamp dreamed that he had won $500 in the lottery; and when I asked him what he did with the money he said he had bought a bicycle."

A one-armed man was asked by a woman how he came to lose his arm. He promised to tell her if she would not ask another question. She agreed, and he said it was bitten off. As she went away she said she wished she knew what bit it off.

A Portland, Oregon, barber, after writing 26 letters in 16 days to a young colored girl in Astoria, went to the place a few weeks ago with the expectation of getting married. The parents of the girl objected, and the man was notified by the police to leave town.

The adage "handsome is that handsome does" obtains frequent corroboration in the daily news. Every woman who shoots a burglar, saves a railway train from destruction, or does any other heroic or exceptionally praiseworthy deed, is young, handsome and intelligent.

"Next to pork," says a physician, "the banana is the most indigestible thing a person can eat, and if you will notice you will see them touched very sparingly by people with weak stomachs. If you can digest them, however, and don't mind the offensive odor, they are very nourishing.

Miss Eliza Geer, of Uncasville, Conn., was accidentally struck by a stray bullet, on Tuesday, near the heart, and had it not been for a corset steel, which the bullet hit, she would have been killed. Some enterprising corset manufacturer should use the above case for advertising purposes.

Coroner, to young widow whose husband has just been drowned: "Don't you think, ma'am, it might do for us to try and raise the body with a cannon? You know that constant firing over the river seldom fails to raise the body." Young widow: "Constant firing! Oh, dear, no—John would never like that! He was always disturbed by noise of any kind."

"Remember, dear," said the venerable father, as he sent his youngest and most petted daughter away to boarding-school, "that all my hopes are now centered on you. Remember in all your struggles for intellectual supremacy, your triumphs, your defeats and your temptations, that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." "I will, father," replied the weeping girl, and the train bore her away. Will it be believed that three years later that girl married a man who bore the villainous name of Gandershanks?

## Masculinities.

A man of science in Germany maintains that all our diamonds come from meteors.

At a wedding at Winchester, Mass., recently, a guest stole some of the presents, it is said.

Minister: "John, do you know where all drinkers go?" John: "Just where they can get the cheap whisky."

Will Knott is the name of a resident of Manchester, N. H. When he is in a hurry he signs his name Won't.

Mexican bricklayers, it is said, can only lay 500 bricks in a day of 11 hours, while an American can lay 2500 in a day of nine hours.

Matthew B. Excell, who was recently elected Mayor of Alliance, Ohio, is the youngest mayor in the United States. He has just passed 21.

One of the hardest things in life is for a youth to believe that a man older than himself understands anything; but he gets there some day.

Blue River, Ky., boasts of a resident named Hockaday who is reputed to be 112 years old, and has taken but one dose of medicine in his life.

An inventive genius in Minnesota has invented "a stove which saves three-fourths of the wood, while the ashes it makes pays for the remainder."

This is the season of the year when the ministers begin to close up their churches and the devil sees that the saloons are fitted up with electric fans.

There are about one hundred clubs and societies organized by the women of Bohemia for the aid and advancement of their sex in different kinds of work.

John B. Maxwell, of Hartwell, Ga., is a member of a family of seven children, five boys and two girls. The youngest is 20 years, and the oldest 36. All are living.

"Papa," said a lad the other night, after attentively studying for some minutes an engraving of a human skeleton, "how did this man manage to keep his dinner in?"

The Emperor of Germany appears to be jack-of-all-trades. He has lately designed a new crown for himself, and has written a leading editorial for a Berlin newspaper.

A saddler sold a saddle, but forgot who was the customer, so he told his clerk to charge it in all the bills sent out. He afterwards confessed that $2 had paid him for it.

"Is your husband a religious man?" "I'm not quite certain. When I hear him talk in the prayer meeting I think he is; when I hear him speaking at home I think he isn't."

John Warren, who died in Buncombe county, N. C., recently, is claimed to have lived to be 102 years old. He never saw a railroad train in his life, and declined to even look at one.

"You have got a new hired girl, I see, Mrs. Youngwife." "Yes, I got her about a week ago." "How do you like her?" "Very much, indeed. She lets me do almost as I like about the house."

The Empress of Germany has requested the Minister of Public Instruction to prevent the admission to the art museums of Berlin of young girls unless under the guidance of teachers or parents.

Mrs. Rocks: "Mary Ann, these balusters seem always dusty. I was at Mrs. Prim's to-day, and her stair rails are clean and as smooth as glass." Servant: "Yis, mum. She has t'ree shmall boys."

James Richard Cooke, just graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine, has been blind from infancy, and is believed to be the first person thus afflicted to receive the degree of medical doctor.

In Kansas there is an energetic superintendent of schools who, when he visits the different districts, takes with him a box of tools, saw, hammer, etc., and mends all the broken seats, damaged desks and what not.

According to a Belgian savant, a man attains his maximum weight about his fortieth year, and begins to lose it towards his sixtieth year. A woman, however, does not attain her maximum until about her fiftieth year.

It is said of the late Samuel McDonald Richardson, of Baltimore, that he was personally acquainted with nearly 47,000 depositors in the savings bank of which he was president, all of them working people of small means.

Newgrad: "Do you know I find that my university education goes against me in my endeavors to get on in the world." Cynicus: "Well, why do you tell people that you have it? They would never find it out if you didn't mention it."

Buffalonians have discovered an advantage in the trolley car which has not been quoted in the discussion of its merits in this city. The car is lighted by the same power that moves it, and when this power is cut off at a switch the car is left in darkness for a half minute or so. Then every lad in the car hugs his lass, or if he have none, hugs somebody else's lass.

# A Girl's Caprice.

BY H. G.

IT was five o'clock in the afternoon of a bright Spring day. School hours were over at Beulah House, and Miss Laurence, the English teacher, and Connie Luttrell, the instructress in music and drawing, were together in their little bedroom at the top of the house, for the while forgetful of verbs, flats and sharps, and general history; and no one that has never been a teacher could estimate the value of a brief season of repose like this.

"Oh, dear! I should die," said Connie, "if it wasn't for an occasional breathing spell."

"When one can forget that one is a teacher," sighed Miss Laurence, "and be a girl again. It's impossible to be proper and precise at all times, and those horrid school girls are so astounded if one ever shows any signs of life. Do they think, I wonder, that school teachers aren't human, like themselves?"

"Young fiends,—all of them!" exclaimed Connie, with more force than elegance. "But don't speak to me for awhile, dear, till I've finished this."

"But, tell me dear," coaxed Kate, "what it is that you are so busy about? You're not—writing a novel?"

Connie burst out laughing.

"Writing a novel! I!" she cried. "It's a far more important piece of business. I'm breaking off my engagement!"

"To Leigh Summers?"

"To Leigh Summers, of course. How many men do you suppose," with a little impatient toss of the head, "I am engaged to?"

"But, Connie, I thought you loved him?"

"I thought so, too, once. But now I'm convinced that it was all a mistake. I was only sixteen when we plighted our troths, and it seems as if I had lived a whole lifetime since. It's the old story, Kate. I liked peppermint candy when I was a child. Now I can't bear it. Leigh was a nice young fellow enough, and I was very honestly in love with him, in those days. But I'm convinced that we shouldn't suit each other now, and I believe that I am doing Mr. Summers the greatest kindness of which I am capable, when I restore him his freedom!"

Once more Kate Laurence screwed up her lips into a most expressive grimace.

"Isn't that a good deal like being judge, jury and executioner in one," she said, "without giving the luckless prisoner a chance to be heard in his own behalf?"

"Not at all," said Connie, curtly. "I haven't seen him for a year; but I dare say he'll be as glad to be let off as I shall."

"You—you're not in love with anyone else, are you?" hazarded Kate.

"No; but I am beginning to comprehend myself a little more," said Connie. "And I shan't catch the evening post, Kate, dear, if you keep chattering to me like this."

"But I'm so *sorry* for poor Leigh Summers!" sighed tender-hearted Kate.

"Every woman has a right to change her mind," said Connie impatiently.

And when the letter was written, and put in the pillar-box at the corner, she heaved a sigh of unmistakeable relief.

"It's over at last!" she murmured. "Oh, how I have dreaded it! And now I shan't know a moment of rest until his answer comes back!"

It came by return of post—a pleasant acquiescence in whatever seemed best in Miss Luttrell's eyes. Of course it was right and proper, though Connie. But, all the same, there was in her heart a secret annoyance that Leigh should so readily have agreed with her.

"What nonsense!" she said to herself. "As if I cared, one way or the other. "Now I am free!"

And when, at last, the summer vacation came, Miss Luttrell betook herself to Brighton to enjoy the delights of entire rest and independence.

"Sea-bathing always agrees with me," she reflected. "And, besides, I shall have a chance to see a little something of the world. After being engaged for three years, one does begin to feel a little lonesome, left all to oneself!"

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Brighton was very full; but Kate Laurence had a maiden cousin who kept a select lodging-house where Connie could consider herself at home; and she soon began to feel the electric influence of society arousing every pulse in her poor little overworked frame.

"Summers Leigh is coming to-morrow."

Connie gave an irresistible start when first she heard the name.

"Summers Leigh!" she exclaimed. "Why, I once knew a Leigh Summers! Is it possible that there are two such unusual combinations of names in the world?"

"Most probably it is the same person," observed Colonel Graham, who had uttered the words which had so startled Connie. "It's quite a romantic history. He has inherited the fortune of a maternal uncle, who, being a Leigh, naturally wished the family name to be perpetuated. So he has transformed his own appellation. And a splendid young fellow he is. Handsome, polished, full of that ease which springs from natural good breeding. I don't know of a man—in the rising generation, that is—who has impressed me more favorably. Do you not agree with me, Miss Luttrell?"

"I—I don't know!" stammered Connie. "I can't remember. It's ages and ages since I have seen him. We were both children then!"

"Ah! Indeed?" said the colonel.

Things were indeed transposed now. And one night, when she was invited to a reception which Mr. Leigh was expected to attend, Connie's heart throbbed tumultuously.

"My old lover?" she said to herself; "my discarded suitor! How strangely all this has come about! I wonder what he will say when he meets me?"

Mr. Leigh met his former flame with the utmost calmness, as it happened.

"We are old friends, are we not?" said he. "May I have the honor of your hand for the next dance? It is a waltz, I believe."

So the meeting was over, and Connie was angry at herself for fancying that it would be different from any other casual introduction.

"Oh, you fool!" she said, apostrophizing herself in the looking-glass that night. "Oh, you horrid, mean-spirited little idiot! I haven't a particle of patience with you! You ought to be shut up in a convent, or thrown down a well, or something!"

And then, poor girl! she sat down and cried heartily.

The vacation went by, like a happy, fevered dream. By turns, Connie did not know whether she was utterly miserable or unreasonably happy.

She wished herself back a thousand times at Clapham; and yet whenever she thought of leaving Brighton, she was overwhelmed with despair.

"What is to be the end of this?" she thought. "Of course he will marry Miss Vandaleur. She is rich and beautiful, and exactly suited to be his wife. Everyone says so, but——"

And she turned away with a choking sensation at her heart.

"I!" she cried. "I who have always despised love-sick damsels, to think that this should be my fate! But I will go to the ball to-night—my last night here—and then, back to the old life!"

Miss Vandaleur was there, in pale-pink tulle and pearls, and on her finger there sparkled a crescent of diamonds.

Connie's heart sank when she saw it.

"They are engaged," she thought. "Oh, I know—I was sure it would be so!"

But after Leigh had danced one galop with Miss Vandaleur, he crossed the room to where Connie was sitting, all pallid and drooping.

"Miss Luttrell," said he, gently; "may I speak to you?"

"He is going to tell me now," thought the girl, with a jump at her heart. "Oh, why does he select me for his confidant?"

But she answered with a shadowy, sickly sort of smile—

"Oh, certainly—of course!"

"Connie," he said, "you accepted me once, and then you rejected me——"

"Y—yes!" faltered Connie. "I—that is—I didn't reject you. I thought I had changed my mind, but now—now I am sure that I love you as much as ever I did!"

She spoke the rash, daring words in answer to a sudden light in his eyes; the next instant her hand was clasped tightly in his.

Suddenly she withdrew it with a start.

"Miss Vandaleur!" she cried. "What will she say?"

"Miss Vandaleur is just affianced to Colonel Graham, my most intimate friend. Connie, there is only one woman in the world whom I shall ever call wife, and that is you! Shall we begin our love-life again?"

So they were engaged a second time, and Kate Laurence was the bridesmaid.

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THE SUGAR MITE.—There is an insect found in ever sugar. Out of 72 samples of raw sugar that were examined, 60 contained "the sugar insect," but the examiner found no specimens of that parasite in the samples of refined sugar which he viewed. The sugar insect is of interest to the physician, as it may possibly be that the large numbers found in raw sugar would make it injurious to the health of the consumer: and, moreover, there is a skin disease produced by handling unrefined sugar.

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## GERMAN STUDENT LIFE.

Germany's educational system is well worth careful study, for it is to this as much as to anything else that German independence is due. No nation, perhaps, has a more comprehensive educational system. Greatly needing reforms in certain departments, it is, however, wonderfully efficient in producing splendid scholars.

The student who goes to the university must present his "abitur" or dismissal papers from the gymnasium when he enters his name for matriculation. This admits him without examinations. There are four faculties in the university—theology, law, medicine, and philosophy. Every student must select one of these as his department of study. The fees are quite small. For matriculation the fee is about five dollars. The same amount is paid for each course of lectures. The first year of a German student's life does not usually amount to much in the way of solid work. He goes to the lectures or not, just as he pleases. He does not recite, but merely listens to the lectures. All he is required to do is to secure the signature of the professor to his "Attendance Book" at the beginning and close of the term. During his first year he is called a 'Fuchs," or a "fox."

He is found in associations of various kinds, usually called "corps," or "Verbindungen." These societies have their regalia, banners, caps, etc., which are often very elaborate. In the street, caps of various colors are worn—violet, red, green, purple, etc., to distinguish the various "corps." On special occasions the regalia is quite striking. A skull cap, about four inches in diameter and one inch deep, is perched ridiculously on the cranium, adjusted by invisible bands. White kid gauntlets, white pants, silk sashes, long boots, silver spurs, long basket-hilted swords complete the outfit. It is usual for every society to have a weekly meeting which concludes with a "kneipe." The 'kneipe" is a peculiarly German institution. A master of ceremonies presides, university songs are sung, and beer is largely consumed.

While the laws of the university prohibit duelling, on pain of expulsion, and equally severe penalty is threatened the student-spectator, yet the practice is quietly winked at. Five or six weeks after the opening of the term evidence begins to appear that the long, sharp swords have been unsheathed. Students are seen in the streets with their faces bandaged and exhaling the odor of iodoform, from the recent strong dressing of their wounds. It is nothing unusual to see a fellow parading the streets with a big black bunch on the end of his nose which is kept in place by strings passed behind his ears, and it is common to meet fine-looking men whose faces are disfigured with horrible scars, the souvenirs of student days. "You would hardly know me," said a Strasburg student writing recently to a friend in Berlin, "my face is so cut up."

No attempt is made to conceal the duelling, nor is any regret expressed when a man gets the end of his nose nipped off or his cheek slashed into furrows or a notch cut in his ear. Rather, these wounds and scars are proudly worn. The fight, be it understood, are not the outcome of personal quarrels, but the order of the society.

There is a movement in the universities against duelling, as a brutal practice. Some of the students are organized to discountenance it. These are distinguished by white caps.

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**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury,**

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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TACT IN TIME OF DANGER.—Men and women who understand the art of bending others to their will give due importance to the passion of vanity, and do not scruple to play upon it. A young French officer, who was ordered to fire upon a French revolutionary mob, begged his general to let him try first to persuade them to withdraw.

"It useless to appeal to their reason," said the general.

"Certainly," answered the officer; "and it is not to their reason, but to their vanity, I would appeal."

The officer rode up to the front of the mob, doffed his cocked hat, pointed to the guns, and said—

"Gentlemen will have the kindness to retire: for I am ordered to shoot down the rabble."

The street was cleared at once; for none could brook the idea of being classed with the scum of the city.

During the agrarian riots which disturbed England in 1832, a mob of rick burner and machine breakers appeared at the old mansion of two elderly maiden ladies. The walls of the hall were decorated with suits of armor and antique weapons—pikes, halberds, swords, and battle axes. The mob clamored for the weapons and for drink.

The ladies courageously refused their demands, and when the mob seemed ready to resort to violence, Miss Betty, the elder of the ladies, went up to the leader, a hideous-looking man, and said—

"You, too, of all the people in the world! I'm not surprised at these poor, misguided creatures. But that such a good-looking, intelligent man as you should attack two defenceless women does astonish me! You are the man I should have looked to for protection. But you are not the man I took you for! Never again will I trust to good looks!"

There was no standing up against that compliment. The man took off his hat and said—

"Come, old lady, we ain't so bad as all that! only give us some beer. We would not harm a hair of your head!"

"No; I know that," retorted Miss Betty. "You can't; I wear a wig."

The mob roared with laughter and retired without another word. Womanly tact had won the day.

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BEGGARS' DISLIKE OF WORK.—A benevolently disposed Frenchman wished to know the amount of truth contained in the complaints of sturdy beggars that they were willing to work if they could get anything to do or any one to employ them. This gentleman entered into negotiations with some merchants and manufacturers, and induced them to offer work at the rate of four francs a day to every person presenting himself furnished with a letter of recommendation from him.

In eight months 727 sturdy beggars came under his notice, all complaining that they had no work. Each of them had no work. Each of them was asked to come the following day to receive a letter which would enable him to get employment at four francs a day in an industrial establishment.

More than one-half (415) never came for the letter; a good many others (138) returned for the letter, but never presented it. Others who did present their letter worked half a day, demanding two francs, and were seen no more. A few worked a whole day and then disappeared.

In short, out of the whole 727 only eighteen were found at work at the end of the third day. As a result of this experiment M. Monod concludes that not more than one able-bodied beggar in forty is inclined to work, even if he is offered a fair remuneration for his services.

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# Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"Lippincott's Magazine" for July is out, and as usual is rich in entertaining matter. The complete novel it contains is, this month, "White Heron."

"Wide Awake" is one of the best of the monthlies published for younger readers, and the July issue will be found a perfect storehouse of pleasant reading and pictures. Published at Boston.

"The Magazine of American History" is always thorough, original and interesting in its treatment of American historical topics. The July number is particularly commendable in these respects. Published at New York.

"The Eclectic," a magazine of foreign literature, for July contains the best articles of the leading magazines printed in England. These are by the greatest writers of Europe, and treat in the finest manner of the most advanced thought of the day. Published by E. R. Pelton, 144 Eighth St., New York City.

"The Century" for July, just out, maintains in every respect its right to a leading place among the first magazines of the world. Its every article, illustrated and unillustrated, story, poem, or miscellaneous is marked by a freshness and interest that make all as enjoyable in the reading as they are valuable in matter. The Century Co., New York.

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An illustration of ready resources as well as mechanical tact in an emergency, at an American machine shop is given in the Iron Age. In this case the bed for a lathe was cast in two pieces, and after planing it became necessary to plane the abutting ends. One half was taken and placed at right angles to the bed of a planing machine, which was known to be level. To get the lathe bed in the same plane with the table of the planer was a simple operation, a more difficult one being to get the lathe bed precisely at right angles to the planer, and here was brought in the old problem of erecting a perpendicular on a straight line, the planer bed being the straight line; to accurately erect this perpendicular, and then bring the lathe bed to coincide with it, was the final and delicate operation.

When this had been accomplished, a knee was bolted to the planer bed, and on the upper part of this knee or bracket was carried a tool carriage, and the planer set in motion across the end of the lathe bed, and the tool fed down by hand, the other half the lathe bed also treated in the same way. On the two parts being finally bolted together, it was found that the adjustment had been so accurate, and the cutting so clean, that there was not the variation of one thirty-second inch between the centre and either end of the bed.

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Eye Measurements.—A good mechanical eye is an almost essential requisite in a good mechanic. No one can ever attain distinction as a mechanic unless he is able to detect ordinary imperfections at sight, so that he can see if things are out of plumb, out of level, out of square and out of proper shape, and unless he can also detect disproportioned and ill-shaped patterns. This is a great mechanical attainment, and one which can be readily attained by any ordinary person. Of course there are defective eyes, as there are other defective organs; the speech, for instance, is sometimes defective, but the eyes is susceptible of the same training as any organ. The muscles, the voice, the sense of hearing, all require training. Consider how the artist must train the organ of sight in order to detect the slightest imperfection in shade, color, proportion, shape, expression, &c. Not one blacksmith in five ever attains the arts of hammering square, yet it is very essential in his occupation. It is simply because he allows himself to get into careless habits; a little training and care is all that is necessary for success.

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Gray Hairs.—The fact that some persons begin to show gray hairs while in their twenties does not indicate a premature decay of the constitution. It is purely a local phenomenon, and often co-exists with great physical vigor. A medical journal says: Many feeble persons; and others who have suffered extremely, both mentally and physically, do not blanch a hair until past middle life; while others, without assignable cause, lose their capillary coloring-matter rapidly when about forty years of age.

Race has a marked influence. The traveler, Dr. Orbigny, says that in many years he spent in South America he never saw a bald Indian, and scarcely ever a gray-headed one. The negroes turn more slowly than the whites.

In this country sex appears to make little difference. Men and women grow gray about the same period of life. In men the hair and beard rarely change equally. The one is usually darker than the other for several years, but there seems no general rule as to which whitens the first.

The spot where grayness begins differs with the individual. The philosopher Schopenhauer began to turn gray on the temples, and complacently framed a theory that this indicates vigorous mental activity.

The correlation of gray hairs, as well as its causes, deserve more attentive study than they have received. Such a change is undoubtedly indicative of some deep-seated physiological process; but what this is we can only ascertain after more extensive observations than have yet been submitted to science.

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A Stork Story.—The "Nachrichten" of Basle adds a new anecdote to the rich collection of German stork-tales. During one of the great storms of the present year the lightning struck a barn in the valley of Lowenberg, and a stork's nest—in which there were some young storklings—was threatened by the flames.

With evident distress the parent-birds contemplated the horrible situation from a distance. At last the mother-bird darted down upon the nest, and, seizing one of her young family with her beak, bore it off to a safe spot upon a meadow. The father followed her, and settled down to keep watch over his offspring.

When the mother returned to the scene of danger, the fire had reached the nest, in which one bird still remained; but, while she was flying round it, preparing for a descent, the young one fell through the charred nest into the burning barn.

It was not a moment for hesitation. Down darted the mother into the smoke and fire, and, coming up with her offspring in her beak, flew off, apparently unhurt.

On the next day the wounded stork fell to the ground in the market-place of the neighboring town of Trebbin. She was unable to stand, and the policeman of the little town carried her into the guard-house, where it was discovered that both her legs were sorely burned, and she was recognized as the heoic mother who had done the brave feat of rescue at the fire in Lowenberg.

A physician was sent for, and the burgomaster found her a temporary hospital in the Rathhaus. Meanwhile the spouse of the sick she stork discovered her whereabouts. He attended diligently to the two young ones and paid daily visits to the mother, as if to inform himself how the patient was getting on, and to assure her that their children were doing well.

The school-children of Trebbin readily charged themselves with the task of finding food for the patient, bringing her every day far more than the necessary number of living frogs.

The burgomaster paid an official visit every day to the sick guest of the municipality to see that the doctor's orders were duly carried out; and in less than a fortnight the bird was sufficiently hale to fly away to her husband and children.

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Hit Back.—Edmund Burke once delivered a speech wherein he handled the policy of the Government rather severely; nor had he spared the king.

One of his Majesty's ministers of finance arose to take him to task for having cast contempt upon the king. Burke listened until the gentleman had concluded and then said—

"Sir, the honorable gentleman has exhibited much ardor, though very little discrimination. He should know that, however I may reverence the king, I am not at all inclined to extend that reverence to his ministers. I may honor his Majesty: but, sir, I can see no possible reason for honoring his Majesty's man-servant, his maid-servant, nor his ox"—a particular glance at his opponent—"nor his ass!"

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Chinese Justice.—A Chinese gambler forged a number of notes for a thousand taels each on his brother's bank and put them into circulation. When these notes were presented at the bank the forgery was discovered and payment was refused, whereupon the enraged holders stormed the building and dragged the manager before the magistrate. The latter held that, since the writing and marks of the false notes were so like those of the regular bank-notes that ordinary people could not distinguish between them, the bank would have to honor them, and he accordingly made out on order to this effect. As a result of this decision the bank has been forced to suspend payment, while the author of the mischief escapes puishment.

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An Emperor as a Dancer.—One of the most curious things imaginable is to see the Emperor William dancing. He dances much in the same manner as he marches, stiffly and in an unbending style, while the vigorous exactitude and discipline which he displays during a square dance can only be compared to the movements of troops on parade. Like his uncle, the Prince of Wales, and, in fact, all other members of his family, he dances very fast, carrying everything before him, and, without making any attempt to pilot his partner, expects everybody to clear out of his way. His brother has none of the terpsichorean skill so often found among naval officers.

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Miss Kate: "I hope you won't think me inquisitive, but everybody is wondering why you married Mr. Brown." Mrs. Brown: "Well, my dear, I don't mind telling you. He was for ever calling on me, and he became so tiresome that I concluded to marry him. You can't imagine what a change it has made in him. I now have my evenings quite at my own disposal."

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Its cheapness and usefulness would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

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# Humorous.

### THE MAN WHO CANNOT LAUGH.

There are scores of individuals we really can't adore,
And the chiefest of the number is the very trying bore
Who, when you're feeling jolly and a little fun would poke,
Will never see the point until you diagram your joke.

How like the biting frost that chills the roses in their bloom
Are sombre individuals who wear a cloak of gloom;
Who cannot comprehend the worth of just a spark of fun,
Who shrink from joy and pleasure as the bats avoid the sun.

The deeper, sober thought within the heart should have a place,
But let glad laughter now and then the cares of life erase;
Away with him who cannot sift the kernels from the chaff!
The world could well wag on without the man who cannot laugh.

—U. S. Nova.

### Didn't Need Both.

Mildred: "I don't see you around with your poodle any more."

Mabel: "Oh, I've given him away."

Mildred: "What made you do that?"

Mabel: "Well, you see, I've got married and I don't really need both."

"That's an A 1 dog of yours," said a bystander. "I thought he was a K 9," said the owner.

If you were puzzled how to act, why should you send instantly for a dancing master? Because he would show you the best steps to take.

She: "What's that white stuff on your shoulder?" He: "Chalk from a billiard cue, I guess." She, sniffing: "Hereafter I wish you would use chalk that doesn't smell like toilet powder."

Little Robby: "Are you a lawyer, like papa?" Doctor: "No, my boy; I am a physician." Robby: "Oh, yes; you're the gentleman that comes to see sick people before they die."

Jagson says that, as the result of several summers' observation, he concludes that the only match for the country girl's awkwardness in the city is the city girl's awkwardness in the country.

Mrs. Jobson: "That servant girl of ours, Jobson, has banged the kitchen door so fiercely that she's knocked it completely off its hinges. What do you think of that?" Jobson: "I think it's a door-gone shame."

"Palet is playing in hard luck," said one artist to another. "How?" "He painted a picture of the grate in his room, and got it so natural and life like that a new servant he had threw a scuttle full of coal through it and ruined it."

A paterfamilias with eight marriageable daughters advertised, as a last resource, to get them off his hands. He received the following answer: "Am a bachelor and wealthy. Will gladly marry one of your daughters. Send sample at once."

Assistant: "I have here an article twisting the British lion's tail. It is a corker, but it is unsigned." Editor: "Sign it G. Whittiker Jones. What would have been the moral effect of the Declaration of Independence signed: Prominent Citizen?"

Judge, severely: "You are charged, sir, with voting three times in the late election." Prisoner, meekly: "I couldn't help it, Judge; I was crippled up and couldn't get to the polls more than three times. I did the best I could, but that ain't half my voting capacity when I'm in good health."

Perhaps one of the best cases of absent-mindedness occurred at a picture gallery, when an old gentleman, looking at the portraits, happened to pass a mirror which reflected his own image. He stopped, looked puzzled, and said: "Hum—um—very strange; but that face seems familiar to me. Perhaps I'm mistaken."

### LATEST FASHION PHASES.

White tea gowns had not quite such a furore as they had two seasons since, and even last season, they are still in good demand, and they make up in daintiness whatever they may have lost in numbers. One I came across to-day, just imported from a famous French dressmaker, was so very graceful and novel that I obtained permission to describe it for my gentle readers. It was of cream challie, figured in soft, indistinct flowers of pink, mauve and green. The back was belted in with a moss green velvet belt. The front was of shrimp pink china crape, quite plainly draped. The sleeves were of challie in the upper and cream Spanish lace at the lower part, with a band of velvet between. Down the front, starting from the shoulder line, was a cascade of Spanish lace which marked the line between the challie and the crape. A prettier gown could scarcely be imagined.

I think it would be very pretty made of chambray and zephyr gingham, with one of the stouter wash laces for garniture. It could hardly fail to be pretty no matter what it was made of, so that the colors were judiciously assorted.

Two other lovely gowns were shown which will grace the garden fetes at Newport soon, and as I always think we all have a right to share in pretty things I present them. One consolation in dress-making this season is that the home dressmaker can so easily reproduce the most ornate of them.

One of these was of maize China silk, with very pale but large pink roses and their leaves. The sleeves were modified leg-o'-mutton; the waist a simple Spencer, with the yoke of lace over pale pink China silk. Around the bottom is a band of the lace bordered with narrow mossgreen velvet ribbon, which also is arranged in a series of bowknots as trimming, both on skirt and across the bust. The hat is of pearl gray Milan straw, with trimming of pink and green velvet and two black prince's feathers.

The other is of gray printed cashmere, cut princess back and front, with vest of pink crape, and with simulated jacket of white lace, which also forms part of the sleeve. Garnet velvet ribbon adds a finishing touch in the way of rosettes and borderings. The hat is of yellow straw—Alpine crown—with garnet feathers and gold stickpin ornaments.

PRETTY SUMMER GOWNS.

Among the many ephemeral fancies of the season is that of the blouse waist. This is a most comfortable garment, particularly adapted to youth, though not debarred from those who have passed their girlhood. It is made of calico, muslin, silk or outing cloth. It is a simple loose waist with a turndown collar, and a jabot or frill down the front made of plaiting of the same.

Made of navy blue surah or China silk with a white frill it is very pretty and modest. With a red frill it is more striking. With one of the same material it is quieter and more refined. Made of calico it looks clean and fresh, and in any kind of goods it is loose, cool and comfortable; but no material or trimming can make it dressy. It is for ordinary occasions, when comfort and the free use of one's arms are the prime considerations.

These blouse waists can be worn with skirts of serge or cloth, and a short reefer jacket can be slipped on if the day turns cool. They are very handy for morning wear for young persons.

I notice that the old style lace shawl is to be worn as an elegant wrap by such as are fortunate enough to have them. There is nothing more truely refined or ladylike, but they are not worn in the old way, but are drawn up into a sort of wrap form and held in place by fancy pins.

The new silk petticoats are being made more and more ornate. The foundation is just like any other skirt, and made of the silk and the edge of this has all the way from one to ten narrow ruffles, pinked or scalloped with floss silk, and herringboned on in silk of contrasting color. Part of the ruffles are sewn on the outside and part on the under side of the skirt, and some of them have alternate ruffles of lace.

The prettiest one I have seen was a shot silk pink and green, with each ruffle hemmed and feather stitched, one in green, the next with pink floss, and there eight ruffles on the upper side and two full wide ruffles on the bottom.

### Odds and Ends.

SOME GOOD RECIPES.

Orange Sauce for Puddings.—Rub three or four large lumps of sugar on the rind of a large sweet orange, till all the yellow is taken off. Scrape out the pulp and juice of two oranges, and add them to the flavored sugar. Mix a teaspoonful of arrowroot very smoothly with three tablespoonsful of maraschino or curacoa. Stir all gently over the fire till the sauce thickens. Do not let it boil or it will be spoiled. Serve it in hot tureen.

Beef Olives.—Cut two pounds of tender steak into very thin slices, sprinkle each one with a seasoning of pepper and salt and chopped herbs; roll them up and tie with fine string or cotton. Put one ounce of butter in a stewpan, with half a pound of bacon cut very thin, some chopped parsley, and a little good stock. Put the rolls of meat into the stock; they should be tightly packed together. Cover them very closely, and stew gently for at least three hours. Take them out when they are done, and thicken the gravy and brown it nicely before straining it over the meat. Serve very hot.

Boiled Batter Pudding.—Mix three tablespoonsful of flour with a little milk and a pinch of salt, and gradually thin it to its proper consistence with the rest of a pint. Into this stir an ounce of butter, thoroughly melted, and keep moving the batter while you blend with it three eggs well beaten. Having ready a well buttered basin and a saucepan of boiling water. Pour the batter into the basin, cover the top with flour, and tie it down as quickly as possible. Drop it into the saucepan while the water is boiling fast, for the whole success of the pudding depends on the quickness with which it is got to the boil. Boil it for an hour and serve with any sweet sauce that is liked.

Marinated Herrings.—Wash and wipe the herrings, split them and take out the bones; dry the roes also. Sprinkle each fish with pepper and salt, and add a little pounded mace; roll them up, and, if necessary, tie a bit of cotton round them to ensure their keeping together; put a layer of the rolled herrings into a deep jar, and lay upon them the roes belonging to them, a few bay leaves, and another sprinkling of the seasoning, with some small thin slices of lemon; then another layer of fish, and so on till you have the quantity required. Fill the jar with good vinegar till the fish are just covered; cover tightly, and bake till the fish are quite tender, but not breaking; keep them in a cool place and use as wanted; they will keep some little time if the air is excluded.

Fish-Pie.—Cut any solid fish into neat pieces—it must be cleared of skin and bone. Mix a seasoning of finely-shred parsley, powdered marjoram, salt and pepper; strew this over the fish; dip every side of the pieces in warmed butter, and put them into a pie-dish, leaving room for liquid to flow between. Beat four or five eggs well, and mix them with from half a pint to a pint of good milk. Put halved oysters between the pieces of fish. Pour the milk over, cover with a light paste, brush it over with egg, and bake.

Baked Ham.—Soak the ham over night in sufficient cold water to cover it. The next morning wash and trim it neatly. Put it into a large kettle; cover with cold water; add a tablespoonful of golden sirup and a quart of cider; cover the kettle and cook slowly—fifteen minutes to every pound of ham. When the ham is done, take it out; remove the skin, and place the ham in a baking-pan, fat side up; brush it over with beaten egg, sprinkle lightly with bread-crumbs, add a pint of cider to the pan, and bake in a moderate oven one hour, basting once or twice with the cider. Serve hot.


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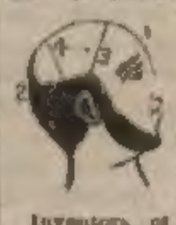

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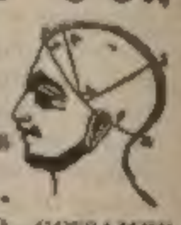

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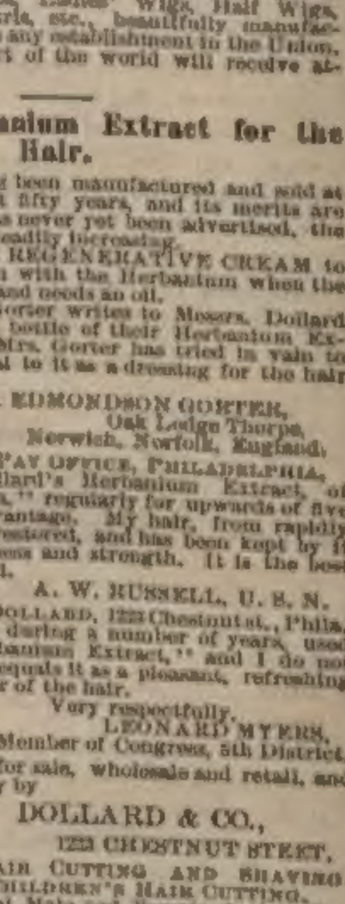

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